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Labor Reaction Dies Hard

The die-hards in the A. F. of L., in convention at Houston, had a difficult time in sustaining their narrow policy of no compromise. A message from President Roosevelt urging peace with the CIO put President Green on the spot. He tried to avoid responsibility by placing all the blame for the failure of previous negotiations on the other party, but President Tobin of the Teamsters, the largest union in the A. F. of L., was not content to relegate the question to the past and leave the future entirely to those who want to fight to a finish. He asked for a more positive response. Many forces in the A. F. of L., including city and state central bodies, sincerely want the breach to be healed. And so it could be if it were not for the fierce proprietary interest in craft jurisdiction displayed by some of the top A. F. of L. leaders. This it was that forced the split in the first place; a sign that craft particularism is as reckless and rampant as ever is the way it has led the A. F. of L. to attack the Wagner Act and the National Labor Relations Board—the greatest buttress American organized labor has ever built.

At the same time, CIO elements are looking forward to peace, if it can be achieved without sacrifice of the workers' interest. The American Newspaper Guild has proposed to the President that he appoint a fact-finding commission to tell Americans what the labor situation in this country really is. The CIO state convention in New Jersey called for a united movement.

Meanwhile preparations are going forward for the national constitutional convention of the CIO in November. Mr. Green referred to this as a rebuff to the President's plea for peace. It is not that—it is merely an expression of the fact that as long as the CIO is excluded from the Federation it must have an organic government of its own, in the nation as well as in the states and cities. The favorite attack on the CIO by A. F. of L. partisans is to say that it is a dictatorship by John L. Lewis. The adoption of a democratic constitution would rob this charge of color. Mr. Green can't have it both ways.

Saber-Rattling and Recovery

Every little while somebody says that we could have good times in the United States if only business and government would stop fighting each other. This used to be expressed in calls by business for a "breathing spell"—presumably a moratorium on reform while the combatants retired to their corners and recuperated for the next round. Recently the events in Europe, coupled with the creeping recovery here, have made many wish for greater national unity. The President has asked big business for an end to "saber-rattling," and a number of industrial Pooh-Bahs have answered in kind. That is what used to be said just before the European war broke out in 1914. We hope the business leaders mean it. But with an election coming on in which the anti-New Deal forces are hoping to make gains, and with attacks on the Wagner Act and the spending policy being mobilized for the next session of Congress, we are afraid they mean only that they would like to have

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their kind of peace. If capital will come out of its sulks we can have a real recovery. But there is no sign on the horizon that our ramshackle economic order can muster its resources for anything like long-term prosperity.

Men without a Country

The refugee problem, already increased to almost hopeless proportions by the Nazi seizure of Austria, has been immensely aggravated again by the partition of Czechoslovakia. Apparently France and Britain in their Munich surrender insisted on no real safeguards against this inconceivable tragedy. Many Germans in the Sudeten regions were anti-Nazi and will be persecuted without mercy if they remain. But the Czech government does not want them, and there is no other place for them to go. In addition, Czechoslovakia had been a place of refuge for thousands of Jews and others from Germany and Austria, who are now without a home anywhere. To add to the horror, Germany has just canceled the passports of German Jews and is turning the screws tighter on her own Jewish population, while Italy is going ahead to imitate this most sadistic manifestation of Nazism. To add a little to the difficulties of the Refugee Commission, Mexico has just excluded two hundred Austrian Jews with tourists' visas, and has announced that she will allow the entrance of no more refugees who cannot return to their native lands, on the ground that she could do nothing else as long as her refugee obligations had not yet been defined.

Scientists Rush In

There is something new in the world. Science is about to tackle the thorny old liquor problem. The American Association for the Advancement of Science is setting up a Research Council on the Problems of Alcohol to find and publish the facts which must be a preliminary to intelligent action in this difficult realm. As its announcement says, Prohibition was a failure, and Repeal is not a success either. "Under both Prohibition and Repeal, alcoholic beverages when used unwisely have caused inefficiency, disease and death." The study is to be conducted by qualified scientists and is intended to present a well organized body of facts with regard to (a) the effects of alcohol on the individual, (b) the effects of alcohol on society and (c) the effectiveness of various methods of control. After the facts are established, and not before, will come the opportunity for education and proper control. A great many people think they know the answers to all these questions already—and none more so than those who feel most deeply about the injurious effect of alcoholism. We venture to predict, however, that the scientists will have some difficulty in coming to an agreement about even the most elementary of the problems they have to consider—namely, the effects of to regard the matter scientifically must be prepared to weather the torrent of abuse from zealots and propagandists which is almost certain to greet the report when it comes out, whatever its conclusions.

Mooney Loses

The full details of the Supreme Court's action in refusing to consider the Mooney case are not available as we go to press. Final comment must be reserved until they are. It's not too soon, however, to say that here is a dreadful miscarriage of justice. That Mooney can expect nothing from the California courts, which have turned him down five times, has long been apparent. The United States Supreme Court, in January, 1935, all but promised to hear his case if he would fulfill the final technicalities in California. Those technicalities were fulfilled, and the Court, with Justices Black and Reed dissenting, slams the door in his face.

It is late indeed to tell again the story of how Mooney was convicted on perjured testimony. That he did not have a fair trial has been testified by the trial judge, by nine of the ten living jurors, by the assistant district attorney who prosecuted Billings on identical charges, by the chief of the detective bureau who assembled the evidence and by a subsequent San Francisco district attorney who investigated the case. Of the three chief witnesses, one was a proved perjurer and the other two later repudiated their testimony. The dirty work used against Mooney was exposed by President Wilson's mediation commission, of which the moving spirit was Professor Felix Frankfurter. It was exposed again by the Wickersham Commission. Nevertheless, Mooney is still in jail. He has been there twenty-two years.

The Labor Board's Reputation

Three pieces of testimony have just been offered on the character of the National Labor Relations Board. One, the annual report of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, was a violent attack. It condemned the "unholy alliance" between the NLRB and the CIO, declaring that the Board "has brazenly and by official acts declared itself as a proponent of the CIO, fostering its interests and by the effect of its decrees [has] recruited membership for the CIO." The A. F. of L. council recommends the amendment of the National Labor Relations Act to curb what it calls "the Board's unlawful assumption of broad powers." The second character witness is Fortune magazine, which presents, in its October issue, a study of the subject called "The G— D— Labor Board." The title quotes the mythical statement of a typical Labor Board hater, the sizable and vocal group in which the members of the A. F. of L.'s executive council may well be counted. But the Fortune article

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extreme care and admirable impartiality. It concludes that from the point of view of those who actively believe in collective bargaining (and the A. F. of L. should desire such classification), little if any amendment is needed and all amendments so far proposed would impede or slow down or in some way complicate the process of collective bargaining. The third piece of testimony is the record of cases heard and settled by the Board between the fall of 1935 and September 1, 1938. More than 16,700 cases have been handled and 12,950 closed. The Board claims to have averted 612 strikes involving 162,738 workers, an impressive record of work well done.

Justice in Hoboken

Herman Matson has been found guilty of disorderly conduct and his sentence suspended. He is the young chairman of the Hoboken, New Jersey, Workers' Defense League who was badly beaten by a gang of thugs when he attempted to speak recently at an open-air meeting against the McFeely machine, close ally of Mayor Hague, which he charged with graft, corruption and providing inadequate relief. His wife, who was with him at the meeting, tried to defend her husband and was also beaten. As a result Mrs. Matson suffered a miscarriage the following day and her baby died. The Hoboken police, acting with marvelous inefficiency, let the eight thugs escape and arrested Matson for "inciting to riot," a charge which was later changed to disorderly conduct. The court hearing, presided over by Police Recorder Frank Romano in Hoboken, was a fiasco. There was confusion over the exact nature of the charge. Police Inspector Garrick disappeared from the courtroom before the defense had been allowed to call him as a witness. Although the police insisted that the assailants were "unknown," a witness identified one of them. Arthur Garfield Hays, one of the chief defense counsel, walked out on the proceedings which he described as "a travesty of justice." Despite the nature of the trial, the suspended sentence marks a relatively high point for recent Hudson County justice. Jeff Burkitt and John Longo are serving long prison terms for convictions on charges that were just as flimsy. Like Matson's, their real crime was speaking freely against the corrupt politicians in office.

Cost of Arms

This year the nations of the world are spending about $17,581,300,000 on armaments, very nearly five times as much as they spent in 1932 and more than four times as much as in 1913. The USSR is spending $5,400,000,000, Germany $4,400,000,000, Japan $1,775,000,000, Great Britain $1,693,000,000, France $1,092,000,000, the United States $1,065,000,000 and Italy $526,000,000. These enormous expenditures, according to the National Policy Association, threaten every industrial nation with ruinous inflation or national bankruptcy. Their capital resources are being diverted into rearmament at the expense of productive and socially useful industry. In Great Britain, for example, during 1937 and 1938, the direct government expenditures for airports, aircraft and naval vessels exceeded the total value of private houses constructed. France's rearmament, while less costly than Great Britain's, has dominated her economic and financial situation to an even greater extent. And the effects of the world's race to arms upon the United States is shown by the beginnings of a boom in the shipbuilding and airplane industries and in certain sections of metallurgical and machine-tool trades. The economic dilemmas which confront the dictatorships are similar. Germany, Italy and Japan struggle to meet the needs of war economies which demand raw materials from abroad. They are hard-pressed to get foreign exchange to pay for these materials and their gold reserves are nearly exhausted. The problem of how long armament expenditures can be maintained at this rate, says the report, is essentially political. "Nations can 'afford' gigantic armament programs just so long as they are able to impose a high level of savings on their peoples, or maintain the confidence of their peoples, and export enough to pay for their essential imports. . . . For the democracies the ultimate cost . . . may be the loss of their free economies and the undermining of democracy itself."

News Notes of a Week

The French Premier, Edouard Daladier, faced serious difficulties in spite of the authorization to rule by decree for more than a month. A revival of the People's Front seemed possible, with Socialists and Communists uniting against him. . . . Cardinal Innitzer was under protective arrest in Vienna after a Nazi mob had invaded his palace and attacked him. He had previously urged the Austrian Catholic Youth to remain firm in their belief. . . . Germany canceled all passports in the hands of Jews, making it impossible for any of them to leave the country without special permission. . . . Japan replied angrily to the threat of the application of League sanctions against her. . . . Britain rushed more troops to Palestine, where the Arab uprising is rapidly developing into a full-sized war.

At home, the Dies Committee heard evidence that German and Italian Fascists have a large and highly trained organization in the United States which is prepared to commit sabotage on a grand scale if the United States gets on the wrong side in a war involving these powers. . . . The American government sent a sharp protest to Italy against enforcement of the anti-Semitic measures, recently made much worse, against American Jews living in that country. . . . The army and navy announced their intention of asking Congress to ac-

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Action After Munich

NEWSPAPER DISPATCHES from Europe make gloomy reading these days. The terms on which Czechoslovakia was to be dismembered were bad enough, but they are being made worse from day to day. Hitler is preparing to demand an indemnity from Czechoslovakia for the alleged mistreatment of the Sudeten Germans since the country was created—an indemnity presumably unpayable and therefore putting Czechoslovakia even more completely in his power. Under a secret ultimatum to France and Britain, and a threat to go to war, he is taking not only more territory than he was given at Munich but even more than he asked at Godesberg. Several hundred thousand Czechs will be handed over to Hitler to remain a continuing center of disturbance and agitation. It is not even certain that refugees from the Sudeten area, including Jews and anti-Nazi Germans, may not be sent back forcibly to what is now German territory, to face, some of them, life in concentration camps, execution, or continued existence on the most humiliating terms. President Benes, whose personal tragedy is one of the greatest, has resigned, and the government which carries on can offer little resistance, whether to Germany, Poland or Hungary. The Slovaks have been given complete autonomy and have been left to struggle with the problem of the proposed partitioning of the eastern end of the country.

Meanwhile France signalizes her defeat by recognizing Italy's conquest of Ethiopia. She prepares to recognize Franco as well, on a basis of reports that Mussolini will make a meaningless withdrawal of 10,000 of his weary veterans from Spain. Throughout Southeastern Europe and beyond, the politicians are hastening to seek Hitler's favor. First visible fruit of this is the large new German loan to Turkey.

In all this there is nothing that should surprise any realistic student of European affairs. Hitler's policy is and has been for years one of constantly increasing pressure. Each time he demands more than he expects to get, and enlarges his appetite with each fresh victory. His ambitions are literally boundless; he would like to be the master of the world, and his technique for gaining his ends, step by step, is now nearly infallible. His truculent speech on October 9 in which he announced further fortifications in the west, and told British critics to mind their own business, was not the speech of a sated and conciliatory conqueror. The time may come when the size of his gains will cause him to slow down, when wealth and power will produce caution; but that day is still far off. Great Britain, which first helped make Hitler possible and then retreated before him step by step, chiefly because her Tories believed fascism is a lesser evil than communism, will soon have even more bitter cause to regret this policy than they

After the "Purge" at Home

DOMESTIC POLITICS SANK so far out of sight during the international crisis that everyone forgot to talk about the effort of President Roosevelt to achieve the defeat in Democratic primaries of Senators and Representatives who had turned against the New Deal in Washington. Now that we have a breathing spell, there is time to turn back and cast up accounts.

The common reckoning marks up an overwhelming defeat for the President in this campaign. He entered the lists directly in six cases and suffered five losses. Five lost primaries out of six looks like a poor average. Nevertheless this reckoning is deceptive. In undertaking this fight, Mr. Roosevelt could lose nothing, while every gain was velvet. If he had not given a battle at all, the six opponents would have been returned to Washington. As a result of his campaign, he now has one less Democratic reactionary to deal with than he had in the last Congress. This single victory is enough to justify the whole effort. For it consists of eliminating Representative O'Connor, chairman of the Rules Committee, who in his powerful position blocked or postponed a long series of important measures.

Aside from the direct result, there are intangible gains. In spite of the victories of the five successful conservatives, nobody would argue that they were not in the least disadvantaged by the President's opposition. The chances are that most of them would have won by far larger majorities if they had not been opposed by New Deal forces. They all were aided by the reputation of office, the support of former patronage, formidable political machines and plenty of campaign contributors. Next time their opposition may be stronger or better led. Other Representatives or Senators will not recklessly incur such battle. They might be less successful or less certain of their support. Certainly it is easier to come back into office with the backing both of the local Democratic organization and of the President than with the former alone. Presidential disfavor may be ignored if he never fights back; if he does, it is scarcely an advantage to be courted.

Even more important than this warning, however, is the strategic effect of forcing opponents into the open. Mr. O'Connor, thrown overboard by the liberal Democrats, ran in the Republican primaries as well and was nominated on the Republican ticket. That is where he belongs. Republican aid to other conservative Democrats was prominent. All this strengthens the tendency toward a wholesome realignment in our party system. Let the anti-New Deal Democrats in Congress align themselves openly with the conservative Republicans. They can do far less harm there than as saboteurs under the President's banner. An honest and articulate opposition is a necessity to constitutional gov-

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tunity to defeat the program and platform on the basis of which he sought election is a danger to republican institutions.

One thing more is necessary—a responsible party organization in Congress. Too many important positions in the legislative machine have hitherto been allowed to fall into the hands of Democrats who did not believe in the legislation officially favored by the party. The President's more progressive supporters have not been mobilized; worse, they have often been rebuffed by the party management. This is irresponsible government. As long as we depend on party organizations to carry the people's will into effect, it is demoralizing to allow a lack of party discipline in the legislative branch. That does not mean that individual differences of opinion should not be allowed scope; it does mean that those whose whole tendency is opposed to the line of the administration should not be allowed to throw more than their individual weight against the party majority to which they technically belong.

What Happens

FROM TIME TO TIME a few words in a newspaper announce that such and such a WPA project has been ended, or that WPA funds for a specified community have been reduced. Such statements are far less common today than they were in the first six months of 1938, when tremendous retrenchment was going on; but they still occur, and may be expected more frequently a few months hence. What happens when the WPA is cut? What becomes of the people formerly employed? What is the effect on the community? A study made by the WPA itself in five representative cities—Atlanta, Baltimore, New Bedford, St. Louis and San Francisco—gives us concrete information.

The average WPA wage over the whole country is $55 a month, which gives no leeway for savings. Thirty days after being dismissed, one-fifth have no income whatever. A fifth are living on friends and relatives, and another fifth are dependent mainly on direct relief. Two-fifths are earning on the average $25 per month from work in private industry, almost entirely, of course, part-time and odd jobs. Three months later the proportion on direct relief has risen to about one-half, and the proportion that has applied is much larger.

In many parts of the country, direct relief is not available at all. Numerous states refuse relief to anyone who is "employable" whether he can get a job or not. A former WPA worker is considered an employable. But even those places which help a dismissed WPA man have only limited funds. When many are discharged at once—and WPA dismissals are nearly always on that scale—funds run out and a crisis occurs. Then you have conditions like those seen in Chicago recently, where nobody got more than 15 percent of what he needed for clothing, shelter, medicine, etc.

While the average WPA wage is $55 a month, the average relief payment is only $25. At best, therefore, the WPA worker faces an income cut of more than 50 percent. He has to move into a cheaper house—if he can find one. The scanty allowance for food and clothing becomes scantier still. Even free clinics are not much use if you have no money for carfare, or to buy the medicines ordered. It is a striking fact that there is three times as much illness among those on direct relief as among WPA families. Partly this is because one must be fairly healthy to be employable; but in greater degree it is because you can't maintain good health on $25 per month per family.

The WPA study mentioned above gives some information on the cost to the community when the WPA is ended. A thousand workers, let us say, are dismissed. Their combined salaries were $55,000 a month. Within a short time 400 of these will be without any income at all. Four hundred more will be earning a total of $10,000 a month in private industry. Two hundred on relief will be getting $5,000. At the highest calculation, purchasing power in the community has been cut by $30,000 or $40,000 a month. If we take the former figure, the city's grocers have lost $12,000 to $15,000 a month. The landlords are out $6,000 a month. The clothing stores have lost $3,000 a month. Fuel, electricity, gas, etc., are down by $3,000 a month, and the remainder of the loss is spread over transportation, medical care, etc. All this does not include the loss on materials used by WPA workers, which in many cases would double the amounts mentioned. Materials represent, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, one and three-eighths man-hours of employment per dollar. Tory newspaper editors usually rub their hands in glee when a curtailment of the WPA is announced. But perhaps from the community's viewpoint, it is not such a good investment after all.

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Picking Up the Pieces

IT IS NOW CLEAR that in the past few weeks we have seen a real turning point in history. It is always a mistake to overestimate sudden dramatic developments; but it is equally a mistake to undervalue such happenings as those we have just seen and are about to see. Events move in a certain direction for a long time before their full significance is realized; and then in a lightning flash, people see what has been going on and what it means. That is true of the Munich conference and its aftermath. I shall make no attempt in this article to dispose of the nexus of profound and in some cases terrible problems by which the world is confronted. I shall only seek to list a few of them, and here and there to suggest how the wind is blowing.

What Will Hitler Do Next? – It is significant that nobody in the world seems to believe that Hitler was sincere when he announced that the Sudeten area constituted the last territorial adjustment he proposes to make "in Europe." The record of his broken promises of the same sort in the past is a damning one (it was recently set out by Mr. Leland Stowe in The New York Herald Tribune). An authentic source which I cannot reveal tells me on the contrary that what he has done thus far is only a prelude to more ambitious action to come. There is a Nazi "time table" which began with the occupation of the Rhineland, and proceeded with the rearming of Germany and the seizure of Austria. The demand on Czechoslovakia for the Sudeten area will be duplicated by a demand that Belgium hand over Eupen. Then Schleswig will be taken from Denmark and Poland forced to give up the Corridor and the part of Silesia that she holds. Next, Lithuania must disgorge Memel. Danzig will be formally incorporated in the Reich. But this is only the beginning. The plans are said to include—despite Hitler's repeated assurances to the contrary—eventual seizure of Alsace from France. The Italian Tyrol, formerly Austrian, will come next, in spite of the eternal friendship with Mussolini, so recently displayed.

Nor are Germany's ambitions confined to bringing within one Reich all, or nearly all, the German-speaking populations of Europe. Hitler has changed his mind about the usefulness of colonies around the world since he wrote "Mein Kampf." He does not intend to take back the old German colonies, which he considers rather inferior. Instead, he intends to acquire the Portuguese colonies, and bring them within the German currency and customs system. This will be accomplished by negotiation if possible, by other means if necessary.

In the meantime, the *Drang nach Osten* is not for-

fact that some of the leaders directly connected with Berlin are in jail. We may expect a new regime in Budapest, completely subservient to Hitler. Rumania and Yugoslavia will be next, followed by Bulgaria and Turkey. (Greece is already in the Nazi orbit.) All Southeastern Europe has spent the last twenty years trying to decide which of the great Western powers was strongest, and with the greatest alacrity making friends with that power. For a long time, the mightiest country (with England's support) was France. But Munich has changed all that. So far as Europe is concerned, England and France at this moment are second-class powers. Hitler bestrides the Continent, and no Balkan kingdom dares be aloof or even neutral. The Little Entente is gone. Turkey has apparently already switched, accepting a large political loan from Berlin. It is not necessary for Hitler to conquer these states with the sword, or the threat of it. Cultural domination, the skillful use of propaganda, economic arrangements, are sufficient.

Germany and Russia. – The Rosenberg plan, long popular in Berlin, provided for a joint German-Polish attack upon the Soviet Union. If it were successful, Germany would get the Corridor and Poland, in return, would get a large part of the Ukraine, with access to the Black Sea to console her for the loss of Danzig. But there is reason to believe that Hitler may have altered the details of the Rosenberg plan. If he can win a victory over Soviet Russia with the help of Poland, he can probably win without Poland's aid. Why should Poland exist at all? Is it not, in his eyes, an obnoxious post-war invention like Czechoslovakia? In any case, he has two possible alternative policies toward Soviet Russia, and only two, Nazi ideology being what it is. Under the first, he will make war as soon as he has consolidated his gains in the Danube Valley, expecting to win and to get the Ukraine as his reward. Under the second, he can make friends with Soviet Russia, and participate in a new and probably bloodless partitioning of Poland. You may argue that after Hitler has built his whole philosophy on the hatred of Bolshevism, he could not now make friends with Moscow; but if you argue thus, you do not understand the utter lack of logic in German thought today, or the complete regimentation of the public mind by the state. Such an arrangement could be sold to the people as a mere economic compact, buttressed by mutual promises to refrain from hostile propaganda. Germany and Russia were friends for a long time, after the Versailles system had been set up. They form a logical economic unit, with Germany's heavy

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The Munich conference was in perhaps its most important aspect a coalition in Western Europe against the Soviet Union. Hitler has long desired such a development, and various attempts have been made to bring it about. The British Tories hate and fear communism more than anything else on earth, and would have welcomed this arrangement long ago were it not for the opposition of France. The French, of course, clung to Russia because they feared the day of Germany's war of revenge. Today, under very great pressure, they have yielded to Hitler more than he has gained in all his previous victories put together. It is certainly possible that the Franco-Russian alliance will be continued; but no one can believe that it will ever mean what it did before September 29. In every European capital, men are saying that Soviet Russia has been pushed out of Western Europe, eastward into Asia. Bitter comment from Moscow suggests that France may have proved herself an ally no longer worth having. It would be logical, too, that the abandonment of Prague should be followed by an enforced liquidation of the Spanish war, on terms highly unsatisfactory to the Loyalists.

The News Reaches the Far East. – What changes may we expect in the Orient as a reverberation to Munich? While it is still too early to be certain, one thing seems fairly clear: England must now make up her mind to be friendly to Japan or Russia but not both. For many months there has been speculation as to whether the British might not come to an understanding with Japan. Possible terms have been suggested: Japan to get North China, Britain to keep Hong Kong and Canton, and the Yangtze Valley perhaps to be divided between them. The alternative would seem to be for England to help Russia defeat Japan and drive her off the Asiatic mainland into her little archipelago, there to practise birth control with assiduity. The lesson of Munich strongly suggests that Britain will capitulate to Japan. She will not do so without a preliminary growl or two, such as sending a few warships to Singapore; but after yielding to Hitler, why hold out against the Japanese war lords?

Terror in the Cities. – Letters received in New York from European capitals help to explain the defeat of the democracies better than was done in newspapermen's cables or the hurried reports of the radio broadcasters. Hitler may have been bluffing, but the mass of the people in London and Paris did not think so. One gets from letters written when the crisis was at its height a sense that the only places of peace and security in Western Europe were on the big battleships at sea or among the soldiers in the deep cemented recesses of the Maginot Line. For twenty years people have been told about the horrors of aerial warfare. [illegible]

learned. It is the fashion just now to say that the bombardments of Madrid, Barcelona and Canton have proved that morale cannot be shattered in this way, nor a war be brought to an immediate end. Perhaps so; though the whole story of the bombardments in Spain has not yet been told, and when it is we shall find it a much more terrible and disastrous business than most people suppose. But whatever the facts, many people in London and Paris in the third week of September expected in a few days to be dead or wounded or to see many other people dead or wounded. The number of Hitler's airplanes was no doubt exaggerated, the possible damage of air raids was perhaps magnified; and in any case many of those who faced destruction were willing to undergo the ordeal rather than see decency and justice obliterated in Western Europe for an indefinite period. Yet the fear was there and was of tremendous significance. Perhaps it might be as well for us to have a moratorium on indignant demands by Americans, at a comparatively safe distance, that war should have been started at once.

Guns v. Butter. – The most disturbing single fact about Mr. Chamberlain's return from Munich, to me, was the declaration that he had brought "peace with honor" immediately followed by the demand that the pace of British rearmament should be doubled. Surely the one thing ate up the other, partly, at least, justifying the jibe that what he obtained is dishonor without peace. If England and Germany have agreed, as Mr. Chamberlain said, never to fight, against whom is the new armament to be used? Against Russia?

The British armament program is already a nearly intolerable burden on the taxpayer. It is the chief cause of an income-tax rate of more than five shillings in the pound, or 25 percent. If the program is to be "redoubled," where is the money coming from? Partly, of course, from loans; but largely by curtailing other things that the government is now doing: the social services. If the choice were really between guns and butter it would not be so tragic. The choice is actually between guns and schools, between guns and public-health activities, between guns and decent houses for the poor to live in. Eventually the choice of guns means longer working hours and lower pay for almost everybody, as it has already done in Germany. In England, where a choice of this kind will leave a bitter taste in the mouths of trade unionists, it is likely to mean a modified, carefully concealed dictatorship to force through obnoxious measures in the interest of "national safety."

For France, the picture is even grimmer. French Fascists, already strong, will be twice as much so, with their new position of moral superiority. The Popular Front has had a blow that may prove fatal. A wise

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It is not only in England and France that the armament race will now be redoubled. Throughout the world, despite the fact that Munich brought "a defeat without a war," that the guns did not go off, the forces of pacifism have had their worst setback in a generation. Reason, morality, solemn obligations are on the rummage counter at a dime a dozen today.

In the United States, the admirals have leaped to the opportunity; our present preparedness bill of a billion and a quarter a year will soar again, and few and timid the voices to vote Nay. Economists know that the worldwide armament race, now in full swing, is destroying the chance for a sane and happy life in every country. It creates an artificial semblance of prosperity for a time—so much so that suddenly to end it would be a disaster—but as it diverts an increasing part of the national income from normal channels it means a lowered standard of living for everybody. After all, plant capacity is limited; you can't manufacture in sufficient quantities both airplanes and pianos, both machine guns and ice boxes, both armored trucks and houses. Yet nothing has been gained when all countries have doubled, quadrupled, octupled their armament; their relation to one another remains as it was in the beginning.

What Should America Do? – Rumors persist in Washington that the United States is planning to call a worldwide conference to limit armament and reduce economic barriers. In the abstract, the idea is admirable; but does anyone believe there is even a chance in ten thousand of success at this moment? The ideas of democracy, of friendly relations between the powers, have just had their most severe check in generations. Hitler has proved that might *is* right, that the gangster gets away with it. Why should he surrender his power at such a moment?

To the questions that so many are now asking, whether democracy really does work, whether it is not hopelessly inefficient in the modern world, the answer is that, like Christianity, it has never been tried. There have been experiments in political liberty with economic vassalage; there has been one attempt at economic equality with, however, only the rudiments of political freedom. If democracy is not to be crushed under the steam roller of totalitarianism, it is high time that we made, right here and right now, a real experiment in the way of a civilization where a decent life for all the citizens is actually and completely the first concern of the state.

BRUCE BLIVEN

The Future of Mexico

IN THIS ARTICLE I shall attempt to estimate what likelihood there is in the immediate future of a rising against President Cárdenas and what chances of success such a rising might have. The Cedillo insurrection at no time was a serious threat to the Mexican revolution. Nevertheless, it will be exceedingly useful briefly to examine the forces in play when the uprising occurred as a means of estimating the situation today.

Many reactionary interests in Mexico imagined that the steadily sharpening economic crisis, which they themselves had aggravated, would have so lowered the Mexican workers' enthusiasm that they would not seriously resist a *Putsch*. Hope was also pinned on the Laguna region, where as a consequence of difficulties and blunders comparatively easy to rectify, some 10,000 workers in the collectivized cotton-growing industry were affected by partial or total unemployment. The Yucatan henequen crisis was also held to be a discredit to the Revolution, besides which it was believed that the Indian had so little benefited by the agrarian reform that he would be indifferent to its fate. Extreme reactionary elements even dreamed of a peasant rebellion against that reform.

The economic crisis had certainly robbed the Mexican trade unionist and peasant of the gains he had received. But the delayed effects of the world crisis, the movement of wages and prices continued in directions established at the outset of the modern era. Mexican agrarian wages had remained stationary for about one hundred and fifty years, while prices had risen enormously. For example, the price of rice had risen by 75 percent, of maize by 180 percent, of beans by over 500 percent. The last thirty years have seen a long delayed rise in wages, and in particular the last three years have done much for the city worker. Nevertheless, the present crisis has recently increased prices by about 25 percent, thus nullifying the 16.5-percent wage increase obtained by trade-union action. Living memory, however, recalled that this wiping out of advantage had begun long before the recent political crisis. Nor did the Mexican conservatives take into account the enormous value of shortened hours, holidays with pay, freedom from tyrannous administration and the enjoyment of dignity which labor legislation and collective bargaining had ensured. It should have been obvious that the growth of the CTM (Mexican Workers' Federation), which reached about a million members in three years, indicated some degree of enthusiasm.

Who Backed the Reaction? – The fears of Cárdenas'

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eign aid to the reactionary organizations. Of the twenty-five divisional generals it was believed by some friends of Cárdenas that at least fourteen were disloyal at heart. Sixty out of one hundred and twenty brigadier generals were held suspect. Others put the total much lower. Within the orbit of the old Party of the National Revolution, even Minister of Defense Avila Camacho was feared, though I found that important members of the Communist Party did not entertain doubt of him. In effect, he did a good job in San Luis Potosí during the insurrection. As for the lower-rank officers, non-coms and men, these were generally admitted to be loyal, despite very low pay.

That the German, Italian and Japanese consulates actively aided and financed reaction is well known. I have seen documents in the Attorney General's possession which put the matter beyond any doubt. In addition to this, the German consulate maintains an expensive disciplinary service among the German colony, which may one day result in active aid to counter-revolution. A personal experience may show the nature of this discipline. There is in Mexico City an ably led German anti-Nazi organization, the Liga Pro Cultura Alemana. At one time it had many members, but recently the Consul General has by threatening letters forbidden membership or attendance at public functions of the Liga. I have examined one such letter, gladly shown me by a small business man of pacifist convictions. It contained the usual threats against his family, still living in Germany.

Besides this "peaceful" penetration, it was believed that the German-influenced dictator of Guatemala—Ubico—was allowing the smuggling of arms across his frontier into Quintana Roo and Chiapas and that American reaction was doing the same in the North. That Cedillo's attempt would be supported by a thrust in those southern states was the general opinion.

The United States Keeps Clear. – This danger did not materialize; apart from a few Hamilton airplanes and the rifles obtained by enrolling his employees and followers in the Agrarian Reserve, Cedillo's forces were equipped with a motley collection of firearms. This demonstrates the truth of one thing that I imagine is the present despair of Mexican fascists. Cárdenas is in a certain sense indirectly aided by the present United States administration. The federal government is no longer willing to allow the passage of arms to counter-revolutionaries in Mexico. (Airplane pilots were arrested at Houston for this offense.) Economic pressure, too, has so far not been brought cripplingly to bear on the Mexican government by Washington. This may be the appropriate place to point out that a change to a Cedillo or Yocupicio government would to the United States than the expropriation of property.

The Mexican counter-revolutionaries, and the Employers' Association, it may be added, made fruitless attempts in February to get the Chase National Bank to subscribe $2,000,000, of which $750,000 was to be spent on what was described as machinery, in addition to what they had already received from the oil firms.

The fascist countries themselves did not actively aid Cedillo. Speaking with every caution, I would say that this danger has been exaggerated. At the present moment the resistance in Spain and China prevents excessive liberality to Mexican reaction. Should, however, those countries be defeated, the case may well be altered.

Helping Hands at Home. – Next in order of importance there was the danger from openly fascist organizations of Mexican nationality. The chief of these is the Gold Shirts, claiming as many as 750,000 members, but actually having less than 40,000, and probably not more than 20,000, of whom a half are in the American-influenced city of Monterrey. They claim that a once-powerful American politician is their friend.

Besides this organization, there are the Employers' Association, the Mexican Middle Class Federation, which is in contact with the Republican Party of the United States, having in 1936 sent its statutes to that party for approval; and the notorious Veterans of the Revolution, a kind of Mexican Legion.

It was also expected that Cedillo's declaration of war would call out marauding bands in the northern states, such as Sonora, where Governor Yocupicio is a known counter-revolutionary. Lower California, Nuevo León, Coahuila, Chihuahua have such bands, as also Sinaloa, Durango, Tamaulipas and other states. The "Cristeros" of Jalisco have been a permanent nuisance. (At one time they were backed by the Knights of Columbus.) The dreamers of counter-revolution finally expected something from the squabbles in the working-class ranks, such as cause frequent flare-ups between rival trade unions at Acapulco on the Pacific Coast, and from the Catholic Church, or powerful adherents of the Church.

Why the Revolt Failed. – As a consequence of the oil-fields expropriation the country had been swept by a wave of patriotism. Even the Archbishop of Guanajuato had responded by officially collecting money for the payment of compensation. Skillful maneuvering by Cárdenas had placed die-hard loyalist garrisons in the states around San Luis Potosí, and had withdrawn the suspect air force from Cedillo's state, as a preliminary to forcing Cedillo's hand by transferring him to

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[illegible] German, Italian [illegible] Michoacán, a fervently *Cárdenista* state.

consent. In Mexico City, for instance, there were at that time about 30,000 workers accepting a military discipline, of whom a half were tolerably well trained. The mere existence of these militias was sufficient to suggest prudence to the Middle Class Federation and the Gold Shirts. The Mexican militia organizers, by the way, have avoided making many of the mistakes made in Spain. The militias have grown in size, and already by August, arrangements had been made for professional training. This may awaken jealousy and mistrust among the army officers. It has already, and in precisely those quarters which are suspected of disloyalty. The problem is not serious. The army did not revolt in aid of Cedillo, though it must be pointed out that no great masses of troops had to be moved. I consider that the Cedillo failure has not very seriously prejudiced the chances of disloyalty among the generals.

The hopes built on workers' disunity were always futile. The CROM (a confederation of trade unions), a part of which is reactionary and opposed to that fusion with the CTM which another section approves, counts less than 50,000 members. The CGT, the leaders of which occasionally profess anarcho-syndicalism, probably numbers 15,000. They are thus not critically important bodies. Moreover, as the February textile strike in Mexico City showed, the CROM, CGT and CTM workers can coöperate effectively in moments of crisis. Nor do persons advocating an extremist policy wield much influence. The exasperating followers of Mr. Trotsky do not possess much authority, having been condemned by the CTM March Congress. They have also been recently engaged in internal struggles, with disciplinary action against Fernandez and Rivera, lieutenants of Mr. Trotsky, who himself has been accused of Stalinism by young Mexican experts of the Fourth International.

Nor was the Church ready to come forward, or even to mumble a blessing. Cárdenas has publicly declared that the Church problem is not a vital one. He does not willingly consent to attacks upon it and has shown his tolerance by assisting in the repair of churches with government funds. The Church, which has really lost much of its power, also remembers that anti-clericalism was always a demagogic device of fraudulent revolutionaries who desired by pogroms to hide their incompetence, corruption and conservatism. The Church may indeed remain reactionary, and the dubious doctrine of the Supreme Pontiff's letter to the Mexican bishops (which, according to M. Maritain, is the critical document in the question of Catholic insurrection) may always maintain the Church in doubt about her own intentions, but she will not be hasty in this dispute.

Summing up so far, I would say that while the Cedillo failure will have dismayed the counter-revolutionary faint hearts, it was still not a decisive event. It was no test of strength; it merely exposed the nature of

Further Causes of Failure. – One of the most significant things about Cedillo's failure was the way his forces melted away, in part spontaneously, and for the rest as the result of the propaganda of the village school teachers. As in France, the school teachers are the true missionaries of progressive doctrine. Tribute is paid to them by the landowners' gunmen, who assassinate on the average about three teachers per month. During Cedillo's attempt these devoted men were asked by the political parties to which they adhered, to enter the rebel forces and spread propaganda from within. They did so, taking the imminence of the rains, the apparent hopelessness of the situation and Cárdenas' generosity as themes, and causing wholesale desertions. By the end of the week about 1,000 men were left to Cedillo of the 8,000-10,000 he began with. A great part of this was due to the teachers. What this goes to show is that the peasantry cannot be relied on for counter-revolutionary eort, even in San Luis Potosí, where the agrarian reform has not been applied. It is time to glance at the facts concerning the agrarian reform.

The Situation of the Peasants. – Mexican agriculture has three main divisions, according to property type: First, the large landholdings, still existent after thirty years of revolution, of which the labor type is a wretched peonage. Some of this labor might be used for counter-revolutionary effort and in part is. A second type is that of capitalist agrarian industry, which provides another, though not dominant, form. (The Laguna cotton-growing region has been given to the workers.) The third is the *ejidal* agriculture (*i. e.*, peasant holdings existing as a result of the constitutional agrarian reform). This is the stabilizing influence, and its degree of importance can be seen from the fact that the *ejidos* account for 27 percent of agricultural production. The reform has led to some material improvement in the peasant's conditions, but the improvement is not very great as yet. Remembering that Cárdenas has given some 3,500,000 hectares to the peasantry (more than was accomplished by all other Presidents put together), the question must be put, whether a sufficiently great proportion of peasants have been given land to serve as a bulwark should the crisis become desperately acute. I am sure that it has.

The physical level of living conditions is still incredibly low. The average extension of *ejidal* lands cultivated by a peasant is 1.48 hectares, whereas 4 hectares was the ideal fixed by the reform. The average value of the *ejidal* produce per peasant was only 64 pesos in 1935—the average peasant income from the soil being 98 pesos and his total earnings 136 pesos. To get an exact understanding, however, one must study one or hundreds of particular villages, and not confine one's attention to *ejidal* peasants. Take, for in-

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per day, roughly one quarter of this sum is expended on maize. The average daily consumption of this cereal is 117 grams, from which seed and animal fodder must be deducted, resulting in a probable diet average of 50 to 75 grams per day. Meat, eggs and milk make up only 3.21 percent, 1.10 percent and 3.11 percent of the diet. In this region the employer compels the agricultural laborer (not working on the *ejido*) to take one-half of his miserable wage in pulque, an intoxicating liquor made from the maguey plant. The result is that this pernicious drink forms 34.70 percent of the adult male diet, costing for the whole valley an average of 38 percent of the family income.

The *ejidal* peasant lives better than the peon, but his level is not much higher. Despite all that has been done by the federal and state authorities for education, his cultural level is also extremely low, which adversely affects his political capacity. The number of new schools built does not provide a real test, unfortunately. For the region above examined, for example, of 9,922 pupils enrolled in federal schools, only 4,352 were actually attending in June of 1938. I was told by the educational superintendent of this typical region that roughly one-third of the rural children receive systematic education.

The reason for *ejidal* poverty is, of course, that the government does not possess the capital required to make cultivation efficient. The average equipment of the *ejidatario* is worth less than four pesos per hectare.

My argument must be understood; the economic problem is that of creating industries which shall provide incomes, both to the public and to the State, for the purchase of agricultural produce and the provision of agricultural capital to the land reform. This is the real significance of the oil problem, and why sales to fascist powers are a regrettable but unavoidable evil. There can be no retreating from the land reform without causing chaos and disaster.

The Political Problem. – Impressive experiences in the field have convinced me that the real problem of the Mexican revolution is that of creating a large, popular and disciplined party, to be the instrument of the revolution. The possibilities of counter-revolutionary outbreak depend upon what is achieved in this field. An example will make clear what I mean.

Forty miles or so from the capital, the inhabitants of the village of Tecomitl, led by a schoolteacher, have built a magnificent school. This was done by the Indian peasants themselves, who worked for three years under the schoolmaster's leadership without governmental aid, which was only granted in the fourth and concluding year of the task. In contrast to this, in a neighboring village, where nine years ago the landlord was dispossessed, there have been eight consecutive years of flood, which upon each occasion has destroyed the whole of the crops. This, according to reactionaries, is punishment for the agrarian crime. Actually, one dry season's labor would suffice to build a dam which would prevent these floods. Nevertheless, all outside exhortation to the inhabitants has so far failed. Here is work for the members and functionaries of a disciplined party; no other solution can be imagined.

This work has been begun. In March the new Party of the Mexican Revolution, of a Popular Front character, was founded, with the affiliation of the CTM, peasant organizations, military delegates and representatives of popular strata of society. The Communist Party, easily the best political instrument in Mexico, was excluded, unwisely, I think. This PRM is as yet in the elementary stages of organization, but on its future the tranquility of Mexico depends. In the final analysis, the changes in the play of the forces brought about by Cedillo's failure and the operations of the economic crisis are such that I think another counter-revolutionary attempt will be made, probably within a year. It will be defeated, despite present organizational weaknesses in the popular movement. If those weaknesses are remedied the outbreak may not even occur.

RALPH BATES

Note on the English Mind

ANYONE living in England for a long time naturally becomes somewhat Anglicized. But the English *mind* can never be taken over by someone from another country. It remains always uniquely surprising—even to the Irish, who see the English at such close quarters.

Indeed, the English mind is an extraordinary thing. It fascinates the outsider by its lack of seriousness. An Englishman can be sincere—he perspires with sincerity. He cannot be serious and consecutive. He has no desire to follow anything out to its ultimate conclusion. He refuses to be fundamental. He cannot bear to reach an absolute belief about anything. He shirks taking convictions as final, though he will tolerate them no end as *views*. A convinced opinion enters one ear and makes a clean exit from the other changed into "a point of view." When this is impossible, when the convinced opinion, before it can make a safe exit, meets a completely opposing convinced opinion—he is not put out. He is not taken aback. He is not floored. He plays a trick: he says, with a certain lofty grandeur, "I suspect that the truth lies somewhere between these two extremes," and having said that he feels that not only has he been personally profound but that somehow the matter has been disposed of and we can "steer our way" between the two convictions without running on any rocks.

Very occasionally he enjoys the play of ideas and after a heated conversation will say: "Well, old man, I haven't agreed with a word you've said, but anyway we've had a jolly fine argument." When discussing

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flatten you out by saying, "Let's agree to differ." He will tell an author how much he enjoyed his book, adding, "Not that I agree with all of it, you know. But that makes it all the more interesting, don't you think?" He used to say of Bernard Shaw: "I don't agree with him, of course; but he makes people *think*, and that's the chief thing, isn't it?" By using the word agree or disagree he doesn't mean to imply that he himself has convictions, he simply means that he doesn't hold with anyone having convictions. By saying that he is *interested* he extracts the sting of passion from his opponent. It is a wonderful word for his purpose—interest. A debate, for instance, upon some knotty social problem, is broadcast by the BBC. In the course of the debate someone makes a terse statement of convinced belief. You say to yourself: "By God, that's true!" But the moment he stops, the brilliantly competent conductor of the debate says with a sort of world-weary amiability: "That is a very interesting point of view." Immediately the former statement ceases to be a conviction, a truth, and is safely removed into the region of relativity.

To express violent opinions is to be offensive—and on no account must anyone at any time be offended. This ideal is carried as far as it will very well go. If anyone is about to criticize somebody's work or business, the critique is preceded by: "He's a very nice man, indeed, but . . ." If some shocking evil or exploitation is in question the speaker says: "I'm not accusing any particular person. It's not the person that is to blame but the system." If some bold fellow takes it upon himself to denounce something vigorously or to advance an unpopular view, he prefaces his remarks as follows: "What I have to say," he begins, "must, I'm afraid, be unpalatable to many of you. It may cause deep offense. I know that many of those amongst my hearers, people for whom I have a sincere regard, hold a very different view. I do not wish to hurt anyone's feelings, but I beg you to believe that I cannot with a clear conscience. . . ." He goes on like this for two or three minutes, after which time the audience or listeners-in are ready to forgive him—on the ground that "anyway he is absolutely sincere."

I used to attend the meetings of a society which met once a month when one of the members read a paper. The club was exclusively composed of ex-university men. Each paper was praised and spoken of as the best the club had so far heard. No point of view was ever taken seriously or thrashed out consequentially. No ass was ever made to feel that he was a quadruped. No vulgarian was ever made to feel embarrassed by the embarrassment he caused others.

This attitude is the key to England's failure as an intellectual nation or an artistic one. So long as you can "make a speech to a mixed gathering without once offending the most delicate susceptibilities of [illegible] ber of the audience" You cannot be an artist. You cannot be an intellectual. The passionate belief, the unconventional thought, the original idea are offensive to the English mind.

But this makes for good politics. It is the key to England's success as a political nation. It is not possible to think offhand of any great nation that is so happy in the realm of politics as England. This is the country, *par excellence*, where the people know how to have revolutions without Revolution. So long as people know how to be inoffensive they can run a parliamentary system, and so long as they can really run a parliamentary system they can bring about changes of the most radical nature. In an atmosphere of good will and inoffensiveness you can get things done. But nothing can be done in a French parliament, where abuse is given and taken seriously.

No doubt what I have said above has been said a thousand times before in the phrase "the English don't like theory." But I wonder whether it is sufficiently recognized that they love action as much as they detest thought. There are no conservatives in England. The man who wants to stand still is quite as unpopular as the man who holds an absolute doctrine, a fundamental belief. The Englishman insists upon action. Hence his fatherhood of games. Hence his ever renewed incredulity that Hamlet could have got lost in thought instead of hurrying up and murdering his relations. The fact that the action he takes is never properly planned is to be regretted; but so far it has led steadily towards socialism.

In view of the Englishman's love of action and hatred of consecutive thought, the prophet is rash who dares foretell anything regarding England's future. One thing we may be sure of, whatever she does, however progressive and daring, it will not be quite clear what she has done or what she is doing—it will rest upon no absolute belief.

J. S. COLLIS

Parlor Furniture

She kept the blinds down so it would not fade—
Her parlor furniture that just a few
Old neighbors saw on cleaning days displayed—
And when she died it was as good as new . . .
Except in spots the moths had nibbled out
The rosebud pattern, and the springs had tried
For years to push the bottoms down—without
A weight to help their tightness coiled inside.

No dents of swinging heels were on the hard
Bright finish of the wood; no rainy day
Had made that couch a ship; no chair was scarred
Where tops had spun their rainbow paint away
What patterns of h[illegible] d-

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The Letters of Lincoln Steffens[1]

To Upton Sinclair

Carmel, September 25, 1932

Dear Upton:

You have seen the warning in this week's New Republic that next week Edmund Wilson is going to muckrake us? Well, I propose that you and I stick together and fight him back, for our very lives, and I'll tell you how we'll do it. You, a pacifist, are probably weak on strategy; an honest man and a prohibitionist, you may be no good in this sort of an emergency.

I'm assuming of course that Wilson, an acute critic, will get us right and give us justice. The fact that he lumps us is a bad sign; it really looks to me as if he had seen through us. I am scared. I hate justice, especially for myself. I have asked for it, but my prayers were altruistic. I prayed for others, not for me. No judge who has rendered justice would like it for himself. So I am frightened and I beg you to take my advice and line up with me for a united defense, thus:

I suggest, when we recover our breath from Wilson's attack, that you, Upton, walk right up to him somewhere and sock him one between his too-seeing eyes. I, meanwhile, will have sneaked around behind him where I'll bark at him and bite him on the legs or the back somewhere. That will distract his attention so that he can't return your frontal attack; he will look around down toward me. In that supreme moment do you hit him with all your might just enough below the belt to knock him out but not enough to get caught making a foul blow. Then I will jump on his prostrate form and yelp with joy and victory, while they are taking you away to the hospital or to jail on a charge of assault with intent to kill.

Please write or wire your agreement to this plan so that I can sleep and rest and be ready. I feel about worry as I do about justice.

Yours hastily,

Lincoln Steffens

To Upton Sinclair

Carmel, September 27, 1932

Dear Upton:

I've seen it too.

The New Republic came in the same post with your reassuring note and verified the good news: that Wilson didn't get and give us away.[2] I'm so relieved. I've always been afraid some son-of-a-gun would come along and see and see through and expose me as a comedian. And when Wilson said he was going to lump you, the tragedian, with me, I was sure he had me nailed. I wasn't afraid for you. My letter to you was all pretense. I knew that you never laughed at yourself. No. I was scared for me; lest this, the greatest critic of our latter days, had seen my shoulders shake in prayer and guessed that the little private sounds I make on my knees were not sobs, and that the object of my deep concern was not really you, Upton, but—oh, well—

Yours merrily,

L. Stef

To Ella Winter

Carmel, January 22, 1933

Dear Peter:

. . . One question that has to be answered about Russia is, "What will become of the spiritual in man if they start out with nothing but materialism?" I spit when they ask me that, or get mad. The implications enrage me. Why is it that the less intelligence people have the more spiritual they are? They seem to fill all the vacant, ignorant spaces in their heads with soul. Which explains how it is that the less knowledge they have, the more religion. But the only way my instinct has to meet them is with a good kick in the rump. One should have a sentence, one phrase that will get under their skin and make *them* mad. They are on the school board, too; and there they are for "reading, writing and 'rithmetic-materialists"—only. And they wonder why we must have a red terror! . . .

To Governor James J. Rolph

Carmel, February 2, 1934

Dear Governor:

Pursuant of my unpromising experimental probing for humor in high places, I am going to ask you to contribute personally a dollar or so toward a fund to buy a typewriter for Caroline Decker,[1] the tiny little labor agitator who is doing what no big A. F. of L. leader has ever dared undertake; to organize the migratory workers of the lovely orchards and vegetable ranches of California. You remember her! She is the so-called amazon who led the workers in their well led strikes for a living wage in the valleys last year. She has to carry on the struggle this year, and next year, and the next. She thinks she can make consumers, citizens and human beings out of these peon producers. An audacious experiment, as dubious as mine, and therefore worth boosting. But she hasn't even a typewriter to make clear to us and to the workers, the strategic plans she draws.

[1] The present selection from the letters of Steffens, as well as those printed in two previous issues, are taken from "The Letters of Lincoln Steffens," to be published by Harcourt, Brace on October 20 (2 vols., $10). — THE EDITORS

[2] "Lincoln Steffens and Upton Sinclair," by Edmund Wilson, The New Republic, September 28, 1932.

[1] Secretary of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Ind[illegible]

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Let's help her to a machine. I will if you will. You might induce some of the impartial police, personally, to join us; Chief Cato, for example. I may ask some picked ranchers to come in on it and your Mr. Secretary Smith could invite the highbrow newspapermen he sees daily. They might have a sense of humor.

If the fund should exceed the price of one cheap typewriter I'll keep the difference for the purchase of another if the first one should be wrecked in some righteous raid.

Yours solemnly,

Lincoln Steffens

Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer
Caroline Decker Typewriter Fund

To E. A. Filene

The Getaway, September 5, 1934

Dear E. A.:

. . . We were comparing your intellectual integrity with that which I was seeking that time when I inquired in Wall Street for a railroad man who had not forgotten that railroads exist to carry freight and passengers. I found none. You, who never forget that a department store is a machine to distribute goods, are a rare phenomenon, and that's what's rare, Bob [Cantwell] says, and now Ella Winter sees it: intellectual integrity. . . .

Meanwhile it is calming down here. I sent for a chief of the Vigilantes and tried to persuade him to send me to the penitentiary as a sort of symbolic end to my "Life" and my life. Showed him I deserved it as much, almost, as Jesus, and promised, if they would draw the indictment to my satisfaction, that I would plead guilty. "If you will allege—your true complaint —that I am an exceptionally intelligent citizen," I said, "I will admit it in court under oath." He wouldn't agree to my plan. Too bad. It would have saved me writing my third volume. . . .

To Hugh Jones

The Getaway, September 6, 1934

Dear Mr. Hugh Jones:

Sinclair is being bitterly attacked as a Communist. There is a fierce hysteria here against communism, you know. It began with the general strike, when "They" discovered by experimentation that Bridges and some other labor leaders could not be bribed. You can be trusted, I think, to understand how terrifying that discovery can be in real life. If we can't buy a man with real money, how are we to make labor leaders see reason? No, when bribery fails what is left one but—but violence? It is frightening, and we are indeed frightened. Our hysteria is sincere; and it is widespread. And we can see that, since the symbol of fright is the word "Communist," all we've got to do is to stick it on anybody we fear and hate. It used to be "Hun"; of our civilization; about the best of us: kind, silent, he says he isn't and the Communists say he isn't. They are damned liars, of course, so, you see, if I, an honest man, will come out and declare or denounce publicly Upton as no Red but a Fascist I shall embarrass the Republicans, the herd, and I shall at the same time be doing a service to our Socialist Democrats. The Sinclair managers are considering now just how hot they want me to be. . . .

To the Editor of The Peninsula Herald

Carmel, October 11, 1935

When my little family returned home from Europe and the war, we brought with us our Anna, who had been a nurse for the boy and soon became a personal friend of mine. Other men and women seemed to recognize her qualities.

The men came with flowers; courting, and I took an interest; Anna let me. We considered these men, seriously; rejecting—not too seriously—several who were polite and charming and most attentive. We finally took Leslie McCarthy, a solid, silent, electrician, who called frequently, and sat and waited obstinately.

There was something sterling about the big red man. Anna married Leslie, who moved in and began a happy family life that we appreciated out of the corner of our eyes. It was one of the gentlest, happiest unions we knew about, and regular. Leslie was a "regular." Anna's husband became a friend of mine.

When he died yesterday, I too lost a friend, a regular friend. He was a "good Catholic," if you know what that is; a union worker, who always paid his dues; not a Red, never a scab. And a husband! And such a father! For they had a little, pretty girl baby who was to have been Anna's but became Leslie's. She exclaimed to him rapturously the other day: "Oh, Daddy, you are the onliest you I everest had."

He never said it; never said anything much. A silent beggar, but you knew, as the child knew, and his priest knew, and his pals, the regular guys. Leslie McCarthy, as I have said, a regular guy and all the regulars knew it.

All ended now. Years ago he was smashed up in an automobile crash. His skull was fractured, one eye permanently damaged. He used that fixed eye to chill his charming smile, to keep his rich Irish humor—regular. Well, the other day he got—probably from Betty Ann, his little girl—a throat infection and some otherwise harmless germ crept up through that old fracture, paralyzed his respiration and so, in a second, he died, in the hospital, with the nurse and doctor looking on.

Not Anna McCarthy; Anna is waiting a week or two to go there to have another child that Leslie can't love away from her.

Leslie McCarthy is the man I remember—Anna and I—as about the most fit of the survivors, of the victors

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Shoot the Works

Facts and Fact-Finders

FACT-FINDING COMMISSIONS have a bad name in many quarters. Some object to this approach to any problem because they would rather have the facts obscure than adequately lighted. But there is legitimate objection from those who say that they fear such expeditions because so much depends on just which people are sent out to search for truth and bring it back alive.

To be specific, a great many labor leaders were opposed to the groups which President Roosevelt sent to Great Britain and to Sweden to study labor conditions. There was a feeling that these fishing trips very conceivably might angle for sharks with which to bite the Wagner Act. And a very good case could have been made out for this theory in advance of the event. But I must say that it seems to me that reactionary industrialists got very cold comfort out of the reports. Many of the familiar editorial assertions along the line of, "They know how to handle labor better in England," turned out to be founded on an entire misconception of the set-up in Great Britain. Indeed, some of the fallacies were exposed so completely that a few of the editors have quit using them.

The findings in Sweden were interesting but not particularly important as far as the American situation goes. However, reluctant employers should hardly fail to note that each fact-finding commission did stress the circumstance of the universal acceptance of the principle of collective bargaining in these lands across the sea.

I think it would be timely to round out the picture now by the creation of a fact-finding commission to study labor conditions in America. It may be argued that this is old stuff and that everybody knows all the facts already. Possibly they are available to the diligent research man, but they are hardly at the tip of the fingers of the man in the street. The American who, like Will Rogers, knows nothing but what he reads in the papers is at the moment in a position to be better acquainted with British and Swedish labor problems than those of America.

Labor is much better reported in American newspapers than it was ten or twenty years ago, but we are to so great an extent a nation of headline hunters that many of us still remain confused. We know much more about Green and Lewis than we know about craft unionism and the industrial set-up. And we know vastly more about strikes, lockouts, strike-breakers and tear gas than we do of the conditions from which these things spring.

A universal fault of journalism all over the world is the traditional tendency to maintain that nothing is news until it happens. By that time it is often too late to do much about it. I could wish that preventive journalism would go along hand in hand with preventive medicine.

Of course, it may be said that while it is all very well to talk about the gathering of source material, not many will pay much attention to it even though it does get a fair play in the papers. I am quite willing to grant that it wouldn't hurt at all [illegible]

and highlighted. Even Mr. Roosevelt's most violent opponents must admit that he has, at the very least, a flair for presenting economic questions to a wide audience. Nor do we need to indulge wholly in theory as to the possible impact of a good report from a good committee. It seems to me that the findings of the board which was supervised by Lowell Mellett of the National Emergency Council commanded a wide reader interest in the South and elsewhere. And there has been very slight kickback as to the factuality of those findings. The same thing done on a national scale might attract even greater attention. Speaking in the small voice of a single individual, I am quite willing to have those things which I believe about labor organization submitted to the acid test of examination. For instance, I am strongly of the opinion that the National Labor Relations Board will come off very well indeed if its work is exposed to the scrutiny of any impartial research group. Of late, many partially successful attacks have been launched against it and they have carried weight simply because there is a widespread ignorance as to the true nature of the record.

I read that the suggestion has been made that President Roosevelt appoint a fact-finding board on American labor conditions and that quite possibly the plan will be to have the report issued without any specific recommendations whatsoever. I think that might be extremely useful. Facts can speak even louder than recommendations. Out of such a groundwork I firmly believe that peace and unity might come to the labor movement. Trade unionists themselves in all camps could stand for a heaping dish of factuality. Like very many on the outside, some have the great delusion that the dispute is just a clash between personalities.

Without going into the question of whether any or all trade-union conventions are completely democratic in theory or practice, I will maintain that none of them as yet can express completely the aspirations of labor. After all, those whose need is deepest are among the unorganized millions. Organization is slightest in the lower brackets where its utility would be greatest. And so a fact-finding commission should have upon its agenda not only the true choke points which block peace between the A. F. of L. and the CIO, but also the problem as to which organization espouses the philosophy most likely to help those who are right now unable to practise collective bargaining.

Nobody but a fool or an optimist believes that labor unity will be achieved peacefully through a complete surrender upon the part of one side or another. Such a result might be accomplished by protracted warfare, but since it would be a war of attrition, any such knock-down and drag-out fight would achieve small results in the end. This is particularly true since there are so many snipers from the sidelines anxious to pick off their quarry while the general engagement continues.

Peace must entail compromise. But that compromise will have to be something more than a Munich pact. It must leave open the avenues for progressive development. It must be founded on the facts. This is trite, but it also happens to be true, and I do not see how any person or body which professes to fight labor's battles can afford to take the attitude of barring out the truth. Indeed, I do not think that any individual or organization would even

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Washington Notes

The ALP Cashes In

NOW THAT THE FIREWORKS of the New York nominating conventions have sputtered out, the Democratic Party appears to have a long lead toward winning next month's elections. Unquestionably New York is worth more to the Democrats than a dozen or two congressional seats. A Republican victory there in November would have enabled Republican fund collectors to argue that the old party still lived, and was worth a substantial investment by big business. The New York Democratic hero is Governor Herbert H. Lehman. Professional nose-counters of both major parties agree that while District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey could have beaten any Democrat for the governorship except Mr. Lehman or perhaps Senator Wagner, against Mr. Lehman he has almost no chance.

According to information here, Mr. Lehman's decision to give up his ambition to go to the Senate and run instead for reëlection was the product of oddly conflicting pressures. In his ten years at Albany, Mr. Lehman has made strong friendships among Democratic politicians, and he was moved by the jobless desolation that would overtake them if Mr. Dewey and the Republicans won. He is said also to have been deeply impressed by the argument that, if the Republicans had two years in which to consolidate their strength in New York, they might carry both state and nation in 1940—perhaps with Mr. Dewey as presidential candidate—and that a Republican administration would mean the end of the present national drive for social security. Along with this, however, he is reported to have been swayed by the pleas of well-to-do friends—for example, Mr. Herbert Bayard Swope—that, as New York's Governor, he could have a "moderating" influence on New Dealers at the 1940 Democratic convention.

The new organizational unity of the New York Democrats is expected to ensure the defeat of Mr. John J. O'Connor, House Rules Committee chairman and the only man successfully purged by Mr. Roosevelt, who is running on a Republican-independent ticket. Credit for Mr. O'Connor's purging, according to word received here, is now being taken by Mr. Ed Flynn. Mr. Flynn's titular demesne is the Bronx, but he is rapidly coming to be boss of all New York's five boroughs. A close adviser of Mr. Roosevelt, he also manages to be one of the chief political aides of Governor Lehman, and probably wields more power than any New York Democrat since Charles F. Murphy.

The outcome of the New York primaries has been a great triumph for the American Labor Party. Last spring, when the ALP proposed a slate of labor candidates—headed by Mr. Sidney Hillman for the senatorship—it was rudely cold-shouldered by the New York Democratic Party. It then adopted a bold, skillful balance-of-power policy. An arrangement on candidates for the New York Legislature was made with Mr. Kenneth F. Simpson, the originator—along with Mr. Bruce Barton—of the Republican leaders hinted that they might even support a Republican candidate for Governor. The Democratic organization bosses promptly broke out in goose-pimples. At their recent state convention, they meekly accepted Supreme Court Justice Poletti—who was the ALP's spokesman at New York's constitutional convention last summer—as candidate for Lieutenant Governor, and Representative Jim Mead, member of the railroad unions, as candidate for the unfinished term of Senator Copeland. It is true that Mr. Lehman also urged the nomination of Mr. Poletti, who is his former secretary, and the ALP cannot boast that it alone forced Mr. Poletti's nomination. What matters is that two men who can be counted on to represent the viewpoint of organized labor are now high in the councils of the New York Democratic Party. Together with Senator Wagner, they give the party a substantial labor coloring. This is an immense change from last May, when the organization leaders were largely behind the governorship drive of Mr. John J. Bennett, whose chief popular support came from the American Legion.

Dark news has come from Montana. As readers will recall, Representative Jerry J. O'Connell won renomination after a hard fight in the Democratic primary. The clear issue in that fight was whether Mr. O'Connell and the friends of Mr. Roosevelt were to control the Montana Democratic Party or whether it was to remain Senator Burt Wheeler's private property. Most plain citizens took the result of the primary to mean that Montana Democrats wanted to stand with Mr. Roosevelt. Not, however, the Montana Democratic organization, which has since held a convention in which Wheeler men assumed full control. The state organization has refused to contribute a penny to Mr. O'Connell's campaign, or to give any aid whatever. During the primary, Mr. O'Connell, because of his advocacy of old-age benefits, had the sympathy of the Montana Townsendites. A few days ago, the Townsend clubs received instructions from Dr. Townsend to vote for his Republican opponent, Dr. J. Thorkelson. Mr. O'Connell and his partisans are burning up Montana roads in an effort to cover his district, but lack of funds for radio time and literature is a heavy handicap.

Secretary Wallace is in the midst of a sharp counter-attack on the farm groups advocating repeal of the new-style AAA. In the main, the repealers are confined to the wheat and cotton farmers. Wheat is hovering just above 50 cents a bushel, and there is a 300,000,000-bushel carry-over. Cotton is about eight cents a pound, and we have a massive surplus of 13,000,000 bales. Mr. Wallace has just finished a tour of the Middle West and South, during which he has made fighting speeches—or as close as he ever comes to fighting speeches—in defense of his program. But along with this educational campaign, the AAA is taking practical steps to cut the price-depressing surpluses. A million barrels of flour have been purchased by the federal government, and distributed to 2,600,000 families on relief. Under Mr. Wallace's "limited-export bounties," 10,000,000 bushels of wheat have been sold abroad. Mr. Wallace's announced goal is an export sale of 100,000,000 bushels; observers say if this amount is not moved through

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A committee is now working on the more difficult problem of reducing the cotton surplus. Sales abroad are considered not far below America's fair share of the world market, and little relief is looked for through exports. Mr. Wallace has laid down the principle that, if federal funds are to be used to subsidize sales of cotton, they are to be used for "home dumping"; that is, to furnish cotton garments to Americans who cannot afford them. While our exports of cotton have kept up, our domestic consumption of cotton, due to the depression, has dropped by 2,000,000 bales. This is the market Mr. Wallace proposes to recapture. The chief obstacle is the cost of processing. It takes twice as much money to produce cloth as it does to buy the cotton. Conferences are being held with mill-owners and textile workers in an attempt to solve the problem.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Peace, It's Wonderful

THE FOLLOWING is reprinted from The New York Times, Sunday Section, of October 14, 1944.

The long debate between the isolationists and the lovers of collective security came to an end in 1939 in America under the persuasive advocacy of the British—a potent philter compounded of flattery, coaxing and sneers. Great Britain, France and America signed the great document which came to be known as the Pact of Freedom. It represented the coalition of the great democratic powers to check the onrush of the fascist abomination. The three nations' proletarian sovereigns were drenched in oratory and poesy. John Masefield added a stanza to his poem, bringing it up to date to cover several million more unsnatched, undead American bodies from more unfought wars. President Roosevelt tickled the air waves, short and long. The world settled down to the pleasant illusion of security and peace.

Meantime the fascist aggressors continued to aggress. Japan, realizing her weakness against Russia and having all she wished, cuddled up to the giant bear. Russia, on her side, seeing herself isolated in Europe, responded to Nippon's flirtatious blinking and the two great Asiatic powers signed a Pact of Safety. Germany and Russia thought the whole matter over like sensible people and, in turn, after some mutual concessions, signed the Pact of Friendship. Franco by this time had conquered Spain, was succeeded by a stronger despot, and the new government, equipped with all the fascist weapons, signed up with Germany and Italy in the Pact of Steel. And so Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia and Japan found themselves together in a great league of dictators called by them the Pact of Progress, but in the democracies known as the Pact of Tyrants. And gradually the two great leagues drew into their orbit by direct covenant or gentleman's agreement the satellite monarchies and republics of Europe, Asia and America.

With her Chinese victories finally consolidated, Japan settled down to a recuperation which surprised the world. And in a half-dozen years she began to look about for more eous sentiments about the yellow peoples in the Philippines that Mr. Hitler six years before had revealed for the German peoples on the rim of the Reich. The *agents provocateurs* of Japan were busy stirring up disturbances in Manila and other Philippine cities. The insular government stupidly replied with repressive measures and the American Commissioner even more stupidly supported this fatal policy. Presently the world was presented with a Japanese-Philippine crisis. The Japanese and related yellow races in the islands made demands which the government could not recognize and in America the Friends of Philippine Democracy clamored for action by Washington on the ground that the Japanese disturbances and demands in Manila were merely a cloak for seizing the islands. The Japanese said they thought the Americans would not fight and they were sure the English wouldn't.

What with the bungling of the State Department in Washington, the frantic clamor of the pro-Philippine groups in the country at large, the inopportune blathering of some California Senators and Representatives and the desire of Japan to develop the crisis swiftly, America found herself at last facing war with Japan.

The newspapers reported numerous, hasty conferences and arrangements among Japan's new allies—Russia, Germany, Italy and Spain. Washington buzzed with speculation as to whether Britain or France would actually come to our assistance in the event of a Philippine invasion. Here was a new democracy like Czechoslovakia, directly a member of the great Family of Democracies and the Pact of Freedom, united to America by ties of sentiment and international law, at whose doors a brutal fascist tyrant stood eager for the attack.

The President instantly put the country into a position for war. Recruiting began and reserves were called up. Millions of unemployed flocked to the colors. Industrial preparations were rushed. England mobilized her fleet, France and Germany and Russia and some smaller nations got into a snarl about their respective mobilizations. In the United States the friends of collective security pointed to the great good fortune of America in having the support of her two powerful friends through the institution of collective security.

But war, it seemed, was only forty-eight hours away. The Japanese navy disappeared into the mists, bound, it was supposed, for Philippine waters. The die seemed cast.

Then suddenly from over the seas came the flash that electrified the world: "Chamberlain Flies to Tokyo."

On a mountainside, in the shadows of an old Shinto Temple and in a Japanese garden, sipping tea brewed in the Japanese rather than the German way, the great British statesman and the Nipponese War Lord saved the peace of the world. Mr. Chamberlain gave to Japan the Philippine Islands and then declared that inasmuch as that was all the emperor had demanded it was only right he should have more. He therefore threw in Hawaii, Alaska and Southern California.

It was a sad day for the only democracy in the Orient, for the hotelkeepers of Honolulu and for the utopians and messiahs in California. But England, France, Russia, Germany, Spain, the rest of America and, indeed, the world, rejoiced with exceeding joy that the peace had again been

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A few carping American isolationists asked if it is necessary to have an ally to help you to surrender. A few disgruntled democratic philosophers muttered that the democratic lands of other nations were burning holes in Mr. Chamberlain's pockets. Some meanly sneered that there would be no democratic territory left unless Mr. Chamberlain could be kept out of airplanes. But on the whole the world was joyous at this new triumph of collective security.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Photographies

ALMOST 600 American playwrights are accounted for in Mr. Burns Mantle's new book of them,[1] the successor to his "American Playwrights of Today" (1929). For very sensible reasons he has changed the plan from that of the earlier volume, where only those authors were included who had had two or more plays produced. Once he felt free to assume that a writer who went no farther than a single production had either no more to say or no more to sell, at least in the theatre. Since 1929 the situation in the theatre has perceptibly changed, and his change of plan for his account of it follows suit.

There is, for example, the Hollywood market for Mr. Mantle to consider. No sooner does a play have a success than its author is invited to write scenarios at a price he finds it hard to refuse. He may or may not ever return to the theatre, but our assumptions as to his future are not the same. The new book includes also a great many names and records of promising and eager young writers for a changing theatre that Mr. Mantle sees building on new foundations; and through these records it expresses a hope, new and constantly expanding, for the future of a living theatre, considerably changed from any these last two generations have known.

And furthermore the theatre just now is full of experiments, in kinds of production, styles, methods and so on, which means more latitude and encouragement for playwrights seeking new forms. It might, then, follow that there are more cases now where a single production may have, whatever else, some future significance, as it were, for the theatre, and be the first fruits of a new knowledge. Because of that promise, rather than of a list of plays, a record of its author becomes interesting or even useful.

The new plan must, obviously, cut down the amount of space given to each playwright; but that seems no disadvantage. You can always go farther with any individual case, what with the accounts, the confessions, and the mélanges of press agents. The volume as it stands has a special use and excellence, and the fact that after reading it you are not likely to go on with other reading and so extend your studies of our playwrights is nothing against it. It is one way, however, of asking what is the matter with the American theatre.

As for that question, there is no use here, in so short a space, getting into a solemn chop-licking. Our theatre comes up very well here and falls off badly there. Certainly we cannot single out this one branch of American life to pick on; why should the theatre be so highly superior when nothing else is? Great art must always have, and has always had, some profound stream to swim with. And yet it could be said that our drama falls below, and well below, the level of life in this country, however regrettable our general state may be, however, on our worst side, superficial, spoiled, spoon-fed, scattering and cheapening. And our drama comes far short of the variety, deep-rooted or fantastic, the running streams of enthusiasm, the rash collisions. In mood or in the immediate effect, our plays lack, of all things, intensity, that kind of concentration, or keying up, of mind, of blood, of projection, where life lies, in all arts whatsoever.

Leaving aside the content or spirit within our drama, I sometimes think its trouble begins with words. The more I see of our theatre, with the engagement of our attention that it should have and as a rule has not, the more this seems to me to be so. On the one hand, so far as the words go, there is the stress, the air of mental alertness, the exact and thrifty office that words have. On the other, there is the vast plenty of words as they are spoken, an inexhaustible, living mine, words of every color and locality and plain or passionate moment. To listen to most of our plays you would think nothing was spoken anywhere but the dry wash of the average newspaper editorials. Even the slang, plentiful and rich as it may be, is not as a rule caught, or set down in the dialogue, with any acute compulsion.

And so Mr. Burns Mantle's record, done with his usual discretion and breeding, is quite enough for our present uses.

Oh, *lente, lente, noctis equi*—for a very different thing from our theatre display happens with Mr. Walker Evans' exhibition of photographs at the Museum of Modern Art, and the only tragic master here is night that takes away this seeing. Eighty-seven of the one hundred photographs shown are further to be seen in the volume published by the Museum, together with a brilliant and detailed essay by Mr. Lincoln Kirstein (reviewed in last week's New Republic).

Unlike the book, the exhibition is not limited to pictures taken during the past seven years nor to the eastern part of the United States. The numbers begin with New Orleans and end with Connecticut, and range over most of the country between; the earliest was taken in 1929. The subjects are so varied that they seem almost one, in the same way that the local scene around us seems one. "Birmingham Steel Mill and Workers' Houses," "Mississippi Sternwheeler at Vicksburg," "Junked Automobiles," "Church Organ and Pews," "Negro Barbershop Interior, Atlanta," "Flood Refugee," "Wooden Church, South Carolina," "Tin Relic," "Butcher Sign, Mississippi," "Maine Pump," are only a few of them.

You could easily make Mr. Evans sound elaborate or theoretical or a mass of isms, an apostle, a prophet, or snatch him into esthetic schools, like the harlots grabbing at tourists in that Antwerp street; and meanwhile his pictures hang there on the walls as clean as light and sand, open, not insistent, never vulgar, arty or self-conscious, but full of power as daylight is; and some of them so beautiful and right that you want to hit people over the head with words —which some critics will do, but the pictures will not need. The general method looks back toward Brady and straight photography, without any of the later tampering with chiaroscuro and what not. The choice of the subject

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where the print shall be cut—his use of the outline—is time and again brilliant. Mr. Evans could revolutionize certain aspects of the films; in fact a new variety of moving picture, native, accurate and valuable, might develop sheerly out of the photographic end, if the quality he provided there were created throughout the whole. STARK YOUNG

War and Other Pieces

OF ALL THE WAR FILMS there has been up to now only one which was made with something like the dignity and terror the subject demands, and it was made eight years ago in Hollywood by Lewis Milestone, from the book "All Quiet on the Western Front." Now there is one to put beside it, a nearly prophetic story for these days made by Jean Renoir and showing in New York at the Filmarte Theatre: "Grand Illusion." There aren't any trenches in it, for it is a story like "The Enormous Room," more serious-seeming if not so beautiful. It is about what happens to people—three French captives in particular, and the German commandant and later the young German widow—in country behind the German lines; finally of the escape of two of the men.

And while this war drags on theer are echoes through the story of another, in the relationships among the commandant of the fort and the three Frenchmen: gentleman, bourgeois and Jew. The German is more stiff in his courteous contempt; the French gentleman seems to have no bitterness against the democratic idea but maintains as a part of nature the reserve which baffles his comrades. And when he dies (he created the diversion which allowed the other two to escape) he represents for this story the end of a world, the only "escape" possible for his class.

The picture is filled out with these complexities which lie between the crude black-and-white of enemy and friend, between simple ideals and difficult reality. Soldiers and sick to death of it, they come up with delight to the lifting roll of men marching in formation. Safe for the first time and knowing that "freedom" means going back to be shot at, they scheme, dig and suffer for it, to regain their dignity and hear people talk like home folks. There is nothing to live for any longer, except to live—which becomes the main business of a strange, twisted world.

In all this there is a rare compassion shown—for the broken commandant in his gloomy stone fort and for the men in their degrees of hopelessness and dirt. Surely one of the most moving expositions in the film is the flare-up between Gabin and the Jew, the blunt words and misery, and the bond of common suffering still too strong to break; and then the idyll in the German cottage, so easy a thing to go astray on, but done beautifully with little scraps of French and German, a cow and oddments of food. The acting is as fine as the picture deserves: Eric von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, Dalio, the first two especially giving the thing its basis in believable life, but all contributing: in a fairly extensive supporting cast I cannot recall even a walk-on that was not easy and right. The only weak points are in its structure as a film.

Renoir has not learned how to indicate shifts in time, and the result is that you jump from sickness to health [illegible] abrupt jar of scenes in a play but without so much as a curtain fall. Its moments of feeling are never squeezed limp, but there is a rhythm to be discovered in any kind of feeling and Renoir doesn't always have it. He is apt to leave an emotion before you have finished with it—sometimes where even a casual dissolve would have allowed the last three beats, four, five, six, to raise it to the proper intensity. Or he will cut flatly from one level of emotion to another without that transitional strip as necessary as the modulation between keys in the line of music.

Nobody wants a good thing muddied up with the heavy symbolism of special-effects men; and the length of the film is about right as it is. But the way could have been made smoother at the expense of some of those bits which a moment's reflection will show to have been tossed in without thought for true dramatic purpose. The man suffocating in the tunnel was effective but perfunctory; the rifle shot after the two had crossed the border was false suspense; the effect of the soldier in woman's clothes was pertinent but unskillfully done. Perhaps a few others.

If such considerations were pure fussy arithmetic we could laugh at them. But the truth is that in the special liquid form of pictures, an audience confused even for a moment (where are they now? how long has this been going on?) is an audience losing altitude and that much heavier to get back up. A little more art (always as opposed to artifice or the arty) could have heightened the beauty and truth of this film, which already has as much as we've seen anywhere this year.

"The Lady Vanishes" is a typical work of that genius in the art of motion pictures, Alfred Hitchcock, the overstuffed and delightful gentleman from London. But Hitchcock chooses to use his genius where it will do the least harm to the most effect, and so while everything he does has such speed and clarity it's a pleasure to sit there over and over and watch him work, he works frankly in surface motion. There is human interest and sympathy because his people are always right; but the action is violent, the need for it somehow unreal, and emotion does not mature.

This new one reworks the idea of the young lady whose mother vanished right in the middle of Paris (the explanation was cholera; this time it is just spy activities), getting all its characters into one Continental express train. The story is almost unimportant: boy and girl find lady, have to shoot their way out, saving the nation and getting married. But it's just the thing for Hitchcock, who has more fun with the people on that train than a barrel of monkeys—the fun more liberally interjected than usual into throttled guitar players, false compartments, drugs, guns and evil. It's as much comedy as straight plot, in fact, and some of the exploration of the English mind is as neat as you'll see, done with relish and droll good humor, planted not only in dialogue and perfect delivery but in the concept of type and situation.

The acting here, too, is all of a piece with the mood of the thing; but more than any of the English-speaking film men, Hitchcock is a one-man show, getting every detail straight in his head and the way he wants it before the first camera starts rolling. He is almost an academy, too, because no one can study the deceptive effortlessness

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Sacha Guitry is also a one-man show, but though a witty and audacious fellow, his main idea of a film is that you set up a camera and photograph something, preferably Sacha Guitry talking. He brings a new angle in his "Story of a Cheat," and makes a nice evening's entertainment—oh, much more subtle than movies usually have to offer. But, you see, there is nothing beautiful either in what he says or the way of saying it; his evening—a lecture with lantern-slide tricks—is a nice evening and speedily forgotten.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

The primary purpose of Hitler was less to acquire Sudetenland than to teach Europe a frightening object lesson on the folly of the armament race. – *Dr. Hans Boening, a member of the faculty of Wayne University, reported in The Detroit News.*

George Tracey, dairyman, Ballyedmonduff, Sandyford, County Dublin, was fined £4 and costs for selling milk with a deficiency of 8.23 percent of milk solids other than milk fats. Tracey said that he believed the deficiency to have been due to the effects of the heavy rain. – *From a news item in The (Dublin) Irish Times.*

He [Karl Marx] appears never to have grasped the fact that there is not, never has been and never can be any such system as capitalism, since capital is not a principle at all. Capital is simply the by-product of liberty in the field of work. Capital is what remains to the worker after he has met the cost of his work and of his livelihood. It is for him, in a society of free men, to determine what to do with his savings. . . . He may take this use of his savings either as an individual or in coöperation with other workers who, like himself, have made savings. In such cases, he uses his savings in coöperation, probably through a corporation, and a corporation means coöperation. What, therefore, the Communist is attacking in democracy is that liberty which is its cornerstone. – *From an address by Nicholas Murray Butler at the Parrish Art Museum, Southampton, L. I.*

The Unhitching Post

"It's a friendly divorce," said Mr. Wettach this morning at the Eatontown, N. J., estate, where he and his wife have been living. "Saddle horses and jumpers don't mix. I got the saddle horses. She keeps the jumpers." – *From a news item in The New York World-Telegram.*

For a Triple Play?

Mr. Chamberlain has interviewed Herr Hitler. The Führer is fond of children. Why could not Mr. Chamberlain have taken with him Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose? – *From a letter in The Daily Mirror, London, quoted in The New Statesman.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and and blasting my leadership. These blasts were timed neatly to

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Correspondence

The Pro-Trust Racket

SIR: As an admirer of Professor Charles A. Beard and a diligent reader of his books and articles, may I not point out that his paper, "The Anti-Trust Racket," printed in your issue of September 17, would have been more profitable and more satisfactory if he had duly elaborated the suggestion made in his final paragraph? It is true that we cannot and should not attempt to fight economic and scientific trends; that we cannot turn the clock back and revive handicrafts. It is true that the attempts to unscramble combinations and trusts have been futile. But what is the sane alternative to the anti-trust policy? Certainly not a do-nothing policy.

Mr. Beard's remarks about the possibility of doubling production, reëmploying the idle, creating new purchasing power and enlisting the support of capital and labor alike for such a positive and enlightened policy are woefully vague, not to say Babbittian. They remind one of the Brookings series of volumes, that labor of a mountain, and the little mouse it gave birth to—the naïve advice to industry to reduce prices "persistently and continuously." How can the industrialist double production when there is no effective demand for his output? And how can purchasing power be created and the unemployed given jobs under a system motivated only by the desire to make high profits?

Besides, Mr. Beard surely knows that bigness is not always synonymous with efficiency or progress; that beyond certain limits bigness spells slackness, inefficiency, favoritism and nepotism. He also knows that the combines and trusts, so-called, have not all prospered because of superior fitness, but because of dishonest and unfair practices toward rivals and toward the consumers. What about the holding companies and the financial swindles so ably exposed by Mr. Flynn in your pages? Professor Beard simplifies a very complicated problem in his paper on trusts. He does, in fact, the very thing he charges the administration with doing. He owes us a second article, or a series of articles, on the policies he would recommend to the government, on the one hand, and to the industrialists bent on profit, on the other.

The Lewis Institute, Chicago, Ill. VICTOR S. YARROS

Waterfront Pro and Con

SIR: I think I'm right in saying you try to publish sensible opinions based on facts. But, you certainly went astray when you printed that article "Waterfront East and West" by Edward Levinson in your September 14 issue.

Levinson . . . is suspiciously familiar with the plans of union disruptors out here for whom the Hearst press is acting as mouthpiece. The Hearst press, incidentally, took the same line that Levinson does in his article and went just as badly astray.

What Levinson propagandizes in his article is what the disruptors were planning and banking their hopes on. But the whole thing fell flat.

Take that line: "Bridges, meanwhile, has been having difficulties within his own union." That has been the standard headline in the Hearst papers here for months. And there was a reason underlying it. It was based on the fact that Ivan Cox, former treasurer of the San Francisco local of our union, and George Arms, the present treasurer, both submitted long reports to the membership charging me with everything under the sun

shoremen, split them into conflicting factions and leave the way open for the Waterfront Employers to chop down the union.

Well, in the first place, the only way the ILWU is "my" union is that I belong to it and am the elected president, bound to carry out the democratic policies of the men. I don't "possess" it and I don't "run" it, as Mr. Levinson would imply. The longshoremen run their own union. They don't have to revolt against anything because they are already in control. The policies and decisions of their officials and committees have to be referred to the membership for vote. Important issues are decided by referendum.

Meanwhile, Ivan Cox, the man who started the imaginary revolt by submitting a so-called report to the union, and who also filed a $5,000,000 suit against myself and five thousand others, including an impressive array of movie stars and prominent educators, turned up one afternoon in the office of a local newspaper, broke, hungry and dejected. He confessed that he had been made a dupe by professional Red-scare racketeers. On the promise of $100,000 for his share he had been persuaded by Stanley Doyle, a labor spy, and Harper Knowles, secretary of the Associated Farmers, to sign his name both to the report that was made to the union and to the $5,000,000 suit. Cox admits he did not know anything about the charges contained in these documents, that they were written by Doyle, and that his only function was to sign his name. He also signed a deposition for the Dies Committee which was the basis for their recent outcry against me.

None of the rewards promised to Cox were forthcoming aside from $400 paid to him by Edward Vandeleur, secretary of the AFL State Federation of Labor, who put him on the payroll as organizer for one month under a false name. After that he was kicked out and left to starve.

Cox also confesses that through the labor spy Doyle, he was in contact with George Arms, the man who delivered the second "revolt" blast. On the night before Arms let fly with his accusations at a union meeting, Cox visited the home of Harper Knowles with the spy Doyle. Knowles gave Doyle some papers; Doyle handed them to Cox and Cox delivered them to Arms. Since the outburst of Arms was practically a carbon copy of the one issued by Cox, it is evident that both poured from the imaginative pen of Stanley Doyle.

It should be clear from all this that a "revolt" was carefully planned but piffled out, mainly because it was founded on downright foolishness. The Cox affidavits are really an anti-climax because the plot failed long before the exposures.

As for Levinson's report that I was "booed from the platform and the meeting disrupted," that is a misstatement. The first place we ever saw such a thing was in the pages of the local Hearst press.

It is true that many attempts are made by conspiring groups to disrupt our meetings. To this end they make use of the very democracy I have pointed out. These planned and rehearsed stunts generally surround such incidents as the Cox and Arms proclamations. It is a case of a few men being spotted to "Go in there, boys, and raise a rumpus and tomorrow morning the Hearst press will carry headlines about a revolt in the longshore unions."

The La Follette Civil Liberties Committee of the United States Senate has already revealed the fact that spies and provocateurs are active within our union. . . .

Naturally our union has continual opposition from three sources: the shipowners, the old-line top officials of the A. F. of L. and a clique styled as the "Trotskyites." At the present time these three interests have identical objectives and have been agitating on the waterfront for more than a year. All this agitation followed the line Levinson takes in his article and was supposed to terminate in a great upheaval [illegible]

Right now I have before me their latest piece of agitational literature. . . . It is a "sure-fire" proposition. On the front side it accuses our negotiating committee of being Reds who are trying to force another strike. On the reverse side it accuses the same negotiating committee as being about to sign a bad agreement to get out of calling a strike. Going or coming, they think they have us. According to them, if we sign we should have struck, if we strike we should have signed—and both arguments are contained on one piece of paper. . . .

We have just finished negotiating a coastwise preferential hiring agreement with the waterfront employers. . . . The employers would never have submitted to that agreement if they thought there was even a gambling chance that Levinson's "inside dope" had any basis in reality.

Certainly they tried to disrupt and split our union. But their attempt was based on nonsense, and they failed. . . . If ever there came a day when the kind of malicious nonsense Levinson retails was true, the open-shoppers would fall on us like a ton of bricks and our union would be smashed. You know that as well as we do.

San Francisco, Calif. H. R. BRIDGES

SIR: Mr. Bridges' letter is an excellent example of an obvious technique: when you cannot deny uncomfortable facts, introduce new issues, attempt to place them in the mouth of your critic and then mix well with such red herrings as "Communist" or "Trotskyite."

In my article, I did not once refer to the charges of Cox or Arms, denials of which form the major part of Bridges' communication to you. I might, legitimately, have spoken of Arms's charges, since he is the treasurer of Mr. Bridges' local. They are another indication of internal union dissension. But I preferred to deal with matters for which there are unquestionable bases. Since Mr. Bridges has raised the issue, your readers should note that his entire reply to Arms rests on the word of a confessed spy. But Mr. Bridges' argument on the Arms charges is with Arms, and those who have repeated them. Introduced as a reply to my observations, it is merely a red herring.

I gave four indications that "Bridges has been having trouble in his own union." The accuracy of three of them is not questioned by Mr. Bridges. I said that some of his members have been complaining about his failure to cope with employer chiseling; and that they have also been complaining about the failure of the union to control the introduction of improved mechanical loading equipment which, it was alleged, broke down wage standards. Mr. Bridges' recent negotiations with the employers took cognizance of these rank-and-file charges. Third, I said that the San Pedro local of the ILWU had passed a motion urging that members of the Communist and Fascist groups be barred from the union.

Finally, I said that Mr. Bridges attempted to reduce the period of grace for payment of dues from ninety to thirty days, and that a meeting to consider the proposal resulted in the booing of Bridges from the platform and disruption of the meeting. Mr. Bridges says that that is a "misstatement" (note that he does not try to give his version of what *did* happen) and adds that "the first place we saw such a thing was in the pages of the local Hearst press."

Mr. Bridges' preoccupation with other matters on the West Coast must keep him from reading his own publications; or else he has permitted himself to send you a falsehood. The official ILWU Bulletin, Local 1-10, in its issue of July 19, details the Bridges proposal. The issue of July 26 tells of the defeat of the proposal at a meeting at which, it is reported, there was "howling, shouting and general disorder prevailing" directed against those who favored the change. And the issue of [illegible]

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not be expected to add the detail that Mr. Bridges was one of the victims of the disorder. Nevertheless, he was.

The entire method of placing false statements in the mouth of an opponent is illustrated by Mr. Bridges' charges that I implied he "possesses" and "runs" his union. I never implied anything of the kind. Mr. Bridges is not quoting me, but quoting his own manufactured quotes.

The space you must give to Mr. Bridges' irrelevancies and red herrings may not be entirely wasted, if members of the labor movement and their friends will observe in it and be forewarned against a practice which is poisoning the stream of free discussion and trade-union democracy. Mr. Bridges and other leaders who have been the victims of it are now working overtime on the principle. I refer to that inverted Red-baiting which attempts to besmirch all criticism and legitimate opposition with false cries of "spy," "Trotskyite," "Hearst agent," "A. F. of L. stooge," etc. Bridges has encountered too much of Hearst tactics to stoop to them himself. Unfortunately, however, he seems to be a willing student of a method which usually in the labor movement is the stock in trade of leaders who are trying to hide the truth or who are slipping.

New York City EDWARD LEVINSON

To Reëlect Senator Nye

SIR: Wanted: Ten thousand Americans to contribute one dollar (or more, if possible) to a fund to help reëlect Senator Gerald P. Nye!

In North Dakota's primary on June 28, Senator Nye ran ahead of Governor Langer, his chief opponent, by less than 7,000 out of a total of more than 170,000 votes cast. A few days ago Langer decided to renew his fight against Nye by running as an independent in November. The outcome of such a contest is very much a matter of doubt.

There is urgent and critical need for funds to finance Nye's campaign. Senator Norris has said it would be "a national calamity if the people of North Dakota did not return him [Nye] to the Senate for another term."

At least $10,000 is needed to prevent such a calamity. This is an emergency appeal to Nye's many friends and admirers throughout the nation. They are urged to send their contributions promptly to the National Non-Partisan Committee for the Reëlection of Senator Nye, Hotel Pennsylvania, Washington, D. C.

CHARLES A. BEARD, Chairman; WILLIAM S. ABERNETHY; ALFRED M. BINGHAM; DOROTHY DETZER; JOHN T. FLYNN; HUBERT HERRING; JOHN HAYNES HOLMES; EDWIN JOHNSON; OSWALD G. VILLARD

Washington, D. C.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Robert Smith, chairman of the Committee to Support Southern Farm Organization, writes from Woodside, New York, to offer suggestions for breaking the vicious circle Janet Marshall describes in "Ring Around the Ballot Box" (September 28). Unions in the South, he says, can defeat the poll tax if they exercise the full strength of their franchise. And New Republic readers can best aid by helping the unions. One of them, the Farmers' Union, is seriously hampered by lack of funds and on its behalf Mr. Smith calls for help. The New Republic will forward contributions to the proper authorities. . . . Mrs. Alma P. Kower of Oakland, California, goes on record as one who endorses Mr. L. L. Whyte's "Scientists' Oath" which we printed August 24. . . . The Book and Magazine Guild, 239 Fourth Avenue, New York City, announces an American Labor Party rally for the evening of October 19. Among the speakers will be George Soule, Dr. Bella Dodd, Langdon Post and Eugene Connolly. . . . Alice Stone Blackwell of Cambridge, Massachusetts, says it is the duty of the nations of the world to give shelter to the refugees from Austria and Czechoslovakia, just as neighboring towns aid the victims of fire or flood.

What's on the Air?

The People's Platform discusses "The Place of Politics in Relief," Sunday, October 16, 7 P.M., CBS.

Dr. Bowman C. Crowell and Alexander Brunschwig discuss the subject: "Cancer Is Curable," at the congress of the American College of Surgeons, Monday, October 17, 3:45 P.M., CBS.

Dr. Arthur H. Compton of the University of Chicago speaks on "Science in the News," Monday, October 17, 6 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Colonel Louis Johnson, Assistant Secretary of War, speaks on "Industrial Mobilization," Wednesday, October 19, 2 P.M., CBS.

Dr. Harlan Barrows, chairman of the National Resources Committee of the University of Chicago, speaks Thursday, October 20, 9:15 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music concert, Saturday, October 15, 11 A.M., CBS; the NBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Arturo Toscanini, Saturday, October 15, 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; the Mercury Theatre of the Air presentation of "Lorna Doone," Sunday, October 16, 8 P.M., CBS; a program in the Bach Cantata series, Sunday, October 16, 8 P.M., Mutual; Leoncavallo's "Cavalleria Rusticana" presented by the San Francisco Opera Company, Monday, October 17, 11:05 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and Alfred Wallenstein's "Sin-

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Weekly, 8:30 p. m., beginning October 18
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Prof. MEYER SCHAPIRO, Chairman
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Partisan Review

DURING the last few months I have been growing more and more impatient with Partisan Review. The friends of that magazine will say that my irritation is purely the result of political differences, and notably of a confirmed bias on my part against Trotsky and his admirers. The answer is that if Partisan Review had followed the policy announced in December, 1937, the political differences could have been overlooked. But perhaps the editors have forgotten what they said in the first issue printed after they had broken away from the Communist Party:

> Partisan Review is aware of its responsibility to the revolutionary movement in general, but we disclaim obligation to any of its organized political expressions. Indeed we think that the cause of revolutionary literature is best served by a policy of no commitments to any political party. Thus our underscoring of the factor of independence is based, not primarily on our differences with any one group, but on the conviction that literature in our period should be free of all factional dependence. . . .
>
> Partisan Review aspires to represent a new and dissident generation in American letters; it will not be dislodged from its independent position by any political campaign against it. . . . Our editorial accent falls chiefly on culture and its broader social determinants. Conformity to a given social ideology or to a prescribed attitude or technique will not be asked of our writers. On the contrary, our pages will be open to any tendency which is relevant to literature in our time.

The same ideas were restated elsewhere in the magazine, and reëmphasized in the issues that followed. "In this period, when the blight of political meddling in behalf of narrow party interests makes so much thinking about literature insincere and superficial, it is good to see vital *literary* differences again coming into the open."—"The Partisan Review has been founded to fight the tendency to confuse literature and party politics." At this point, however, there are signs of ambiguity. Was Partisan Review being "founded" or was it merely being revived? And in either case, why did it insist on using the same name as a magazine founded three years before by Communist sympathizers? Two of the former editors had been retained, but that was hardly a sufficient answer. The whole point of the new magazine seemed to be that it was trying to avoid partisanship. It wanted to be judged as a nonpartisan literary monthly.

For such a monthly there was and is a real need. Almost all the little magazines have disappeared, and there has been nothing to take their place as an organ for young or unpopular writers. Not a single literary magazine is now being published by the Communist Party or its fellow travelers. From time to time The New Masses prints a literary supplement, with a great air of being kind to culture, but The New Masses is really interested in politics; nobody reads it for astute technical criticism or to learn what the youngest poets are doing. Moreover, the effort to unite all liberal and democratic tendencies into a People's Front has made The New Masses more timid and conventional in literary matters than it used to be. It cultivates established writers—including the second and third-raters—and hesitates to print anything that will hurt its [illegible] its enemies. Partisan Review could be more carefree and irresponsible; and it could give their day in print to the unruly kids who may or may not become the established writers of tomorrow.

Yet the best of the writing in Partisan Review has been critical—the long essays by Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling and William Troy (who would be marvelous if only he wrote in English instead of schoolmen's Latin); and perhaps even better the shorter analytical pieces by Philip Horton, R. P. Blackmur and F. O. Matthiessen. I can remember two fine American poems and two only: "The Dwarf," by Wallace Stevens, in December, and in February "Those Autobiographical Blues," by Winfield Townley Scott, a picture of a New England mill town spoiled only by the self-conscious title. "Ballad," by D. S. Savage, is a fresh and effective piece that had already been printed in England. Most of the other verse in Partisan Review has been bad in a bumbling, uncertain fashion—written, you would say, by belated Symbolists lost in their own vague symbols and lacking the keen eye, the sure ear and the hidden depth of feeling that justify Symbolism at its best. As for its fiction, it resembles the poetry, with less influence of Mallarmé at second hand and more of Kafka; the one really successful story is Eleanor Clark's "Hurry, Hurry."

The first issue of the new Partisan Review contained no purely political article (though Sidney Hook's long review of "Attitudes Toward History" was party politics in a thin disguise). In the next issue, however, there was an extract from André Gide's second attack on the Soviet Union; and in the third issue Philip Rahv abused the American Writers' Congress. Since then, the space devoted to political writing has increased from month to month, and it is all of the same type—attacks on the Soviet Union, on literature and art in the Soviet Union, on politics in the Soviet Union, on American friends of the Soviet Union, a grand anti-Russian campaign under the infra-red banner of the Fourth International. In the latest issue, for August-September, a climax is reached with five anti-Soviet articles out of eight contributions—with Trotsky sounding off in an article on "Art and Politics" that has little to say about art and a great deal to say about Stalin, and with F. W. Dupee, Victor Serge, Dwight Macdonald and James Burnham all writing as if to illuminate a text from Trotsky. There are, as I said, three literary contributions to the issue, but they look as scared and subdued and neglected as three doves in a cage of screaming parrots.

But the worst of it is that factional politics has got into the book reviews and critical articles and has made them, in many cases, sneering and superficial. There was an example of that in the very first issue, where Sidney Hook reviewed Burke's "Attitudes Toward History" and, as the author complained in a letter published the following month, made the "whole book appear like a mere offshoot of the Stalin-Trotsky controversy, an issue to which he devotes more space in his five pages than I do in my 480 pages." But the tendency was carried to an extreme in the March number by F. W. Dupee, when he wrote a long essay on André Malraux and ended by dismissing him as "the type of liberal Comintern lobbyist thrown up by the stooge politics of people's-frontism." One reads a phrase

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reviews in which he showed a sense of literary values. What blind rage has so obsessed him that he can no longer read or understand what an author is saying? And what sort of tone-deafness permits him to talk about a serious novel in terms of political platitudes pinned on like price tags in a chain grocery store?

Just what has happened to the magazine? People of a suspicious nature might interpret its history as a plot to capture the younger literary rebels—the idealists, the formalists, the symbolists, the libertarians—and enroll them in an anti-Soviet crusade, not under the direct leadership of Leon Trotsky, but still with Trotsky as guide and political director. For my part I prefer to believe that the editors were absolutely sincere, last December, when they made their original statement of aims. But slowly, in the midst of their battles against the Communist Party press, their opinions solidified into hatreds, fixing their minds into one frozen mold, so that they scarcely realized they were committing all the literary crimes they charged against their opponents. "The blight of political meddling in behalf of narrow party interests makes so much thinking about literature insincere and artificial." Could there be any better proof of that than Partisan Review?

Meanwhile, there is still a need for a magazine devoted primarily to literature, one that can publish long poems or groups of poems and leisurely essays and long stories of literary merit that wouldn't have a chance in the commercial weeklies or monthlies—a magazine, in short, that would carry on the traditions of The Dial, dead in 1929, and The Hound and Horn, dead in 1934. I saw both of them go without much sorrow, but I miss them more as time goes on, and I think they are missed by every serious writer. Today there is The Criterion, edited by an Anglo-Catholic in London, and there is The Southern Review, edited in Baton Rouge by a group of de-reconstructed rebels; both these magazines are tolerant of revolutionary opinions so long as they are expressed with force and scholarship. Here is a place that Partisan Review might have filled in New York; but it chose to move in another direction. Put a green cover on it and today you could hardly tell it from The American Mercury.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Books in Review

Calhoun-Cuckoo Land

IF TOMMY CORCORAN and others among the Washington liberal intellectuals are doubting their wisdom these days because the summer primary purges failed, let them read Herbert Agar's "Pursuit of Happiness: The Story of American Democracy"[1] and renew their faith. For theirs is the correct definition of Jeffersonianism; the men they tried to oust from the Democratic Party can all be convicted of being Calhoun-cuckoos who have no proper business in the Monticello nest. The nest-stealers in South Carolina, Georgia and Maryland do, of course, quote liberally from Jefferson and Jackson for partisan purposes, but actually, on Mr. Agar's showing, their spiritual ancestor is the John C. Calhoun who left the Democratic Party in 1833 to become an anti-Jacksonian Whig. If Mr. Jefferson's party did not have room for Calhoun in Jacksonian times, then it certainly has no room for the Cotton Ed Smiths and the Millard Tydingses in Rooseveltian times. Not, at any rate, if the party is to remain Jeffersonian.

Since he lives in Louisville and understands the needs of the South, Mr. Agar has some nice things to say about Calhoun's dislike of the protective tariff and other legislation that bled the back country for the benefit of New York and New England. But as a historian of the Democratic Party Mr. Agar considers Calhoun the leader of an anti-Jeffersonian heresy. Jeffersonianism, say the Calhoun-cuckoos, means decentralization, states' rights, a minimum of governmental interference. But here the question of ends and means becomes important. As Mr. Agar proves beyond the slightest doubt, the Jeffersonian key value is expressed in the slogan "Special privileges for none, equal rights for all." It is all very well for Jeffersonians to advocate the right of an individual state to solve its own problems. But if the right is maintained merely to keep Negroes from the polls, as in South Carolina, it cannot ever be said that advocates of that right are Jeffersonian. For to Jefferson the ends were fully as important as the means. And if the means prove, historically, to be insufficient to promote the ends, then any sincere Jeffersonian must raise the question: are there better means at hand to promote the ends?

Mr. Agar has no doubt that federal power must be *temporarily* invoked if Jeffersonian ends are to prevail. But he is not primarily interested in blue-printing the future in this history of the Democratic Party from Jefferson to Roosevelt. His main interest is to show how the Democratic Party has served to keep alive the American Dream through the decades. Whenever the Democratic Party has forgotten the ends of its founder it has tended to decay—or, as in Cleveland's day, to become a replica of Republicanism. But when it returns to the Jeffersonian ends—as in 1896, 1912 and 1932—it brings a new breath of life into our politics. The conclusion is that the Democratic Party must fail if and when its national leaders compromise with the devil. If it compromises in 1940 it may win a momentary victory. But only as Taft won a victory for T. R. in 1908.

Under any long-term view Roosevelt's attempted purge was an intelligent move. For when a Democratic Party leader begins to compromise his Jeffersonianism, the regional and city bosses begin to move to the fore. If trading is to be done, it is the bosses who have the power to trade. They tend to settle on an "available" candidate—a Cox, a John W. Davis, an Alton B. Parker. "Availability" means desuetude and eventual defeat. Since the purge failed to drive last summer, it begins to look as if the bosses would

[1] Pursuit of Happiness: The Story of American Democracy, by [illegible]

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control the Democratic Party convention in 1940. Their control would be a prelude to ruin. But they can control the convention only if Franklin D. Roosevelt loses his nerve and decides to act like a Good Little Boy. For Roosevelt can almost certainly bring Farley to his side as a mediator if he threatens to bolt the convention and turn to a third party. The threat of a Roosevelt bolt would force the Garners and the Cotton Ed Smiths to choose between failure or a Roosevelt candidate. They might prefer failure to four more years of New Dealism. But as a Jeffersonian, Franklin D. Roosevelt is under no compulsion to turn the Democratic Party over to the Calhoun-cuckoos. His loyalty belongs to Jefferson, not to the anti-Jacksonian Whig of 1833. Roosevelt should never forget that the Democratic Party was originally a coalition of small farmers and city mechanics; the Calhoun planter rule of the 1840's and 1850's was a usurpation. It is true that the Democratic Party can't win without the support of Calhoun's spiritual descendants in the South. But the price of this support can come too high. Better lose the election in 1940 rather than let a Calhoun Democrat inherit the Party.

Mr. Agar barely raises the issue of an economic program for the Democratic Party in his "Pursuit of Happiness." But from hints dropped here and there one can see that he is not altogether happy to rest the case for democracy on stop-gaps such as WPA and crop limitation. He is for the use of federal power—but only on a conditional basis. Obviously he is feeling his way toward a program that would result in the rehabilitation of underprivileged Americans as *producers*. (The right to consumption is not enough.) Just how access to the materials and means of production is to be made available to everybody without turning the State into a tyrant-employer is, at present, a mystery. But it is a mystery which any party that claims to be Jeffersonian must penetrate. It is fashionable at the moment to say that the state should own or control all the means of production. But that is not enough by several hundred miles if the question is one of preserving democracy. For to be free a man must be able to make his living not only in spite of the Amalgamated Association of Tycoons but in spite of the State, as well. There must be a 15-to-30-percent area in the economy where small individual enterprise is allowed to flourish. Suggested slogan for neo-Marxists: Toward a *permanent* NEP.

"Pursuit of Happiness" is written with clarity and wit. It is also written with a moral passion that is usually reserved for books about the need for a new party alignment. Mr. Agar is an odd person: one who doesn't let his earnestness get in the way of his sense of irony. He is deeply aware of the fact that the gods have never been good to great Democratic Presidents: Jefferson had the Napoleonic Wars to contend with, Wilson the First World War, Roosevelt the brewing of the Second World War. Only Jackson had any luck in escaping the international snares. The worst irony of all, however, is that Jeffersonians and nigger-baiters have reached a truce under the same party banner. Practical politics being what they are, just how the Calhoun-cuckoos are ever to be shooed from the nest is a little difficult to foresee. Maybe we need that new party after all; maybe the best thing Roosevelt can do in 1940 or 1944 is to break the situation wide open with his own Bull Moose plunge.

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DO YOU KNOW that you can cut your food expenses from one-third to one-half by raising some of the things you eat? You can learn how at the SCHOOL OF LIVING, a unique residential school, founded in 1934 by Ralph Borsodi. Here the principles and practices of producing and creating at home are taught. In the Agricultural Division opportunity for actual experience is offered—records of the time, cost and value of small-scale agricultural operations are featured. Among other courses offered by the School of Living are the following:

The Building Division provides opportunity for people to plan the construction of their own homes not only from the standpoint of architecture but also from that of utility and low cost. The cost records on homes constructed under the sponsorship of the Independence Foundation provide factual material for study, and guidance is provided by master builders on the School faculty.

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Fiction International

The House of Tavelinck, by Jo van Ammers-Küller. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $3.
Dynasty of Death, by Taylor Caldwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.
Meek Heritage, by F. E. Sillanpää. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
Horns for Our Adornment, by Aksel Sandemose. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
The Monument, by Pamela Hansford Johnson. New York: Carrick and Evans. $2.50.

THESE FIVE NOVELS add up to some 2,500 pages of typical but better-than-average contemporary fiction. They are intelligently written, based on central themes and situations; and, as specimens from Denmark, Finland, Holland, the United States and England, they have considerable international range. In the quality of their prose, the kind of stories they tell, their cast of characters and, last, the satisfaction they give the reader, they are like many novels published each year—not quite good enough to arouse any genuine literary enthusiasm, but too interesting, even with their obvious defects, to be passed over. And occasionally they contain flashes of such intensity and insight that it seems remarkable they are not better than they are. Because each is, in a way, an outstanding example of its own kind of ordinariness, they have a special interest at the moment; and taken together, they throw some light on prevailing literary moods. The two that are laid in the modern world are episodic, nervous and so fragmentary that while they gain in intensity they lose equally as much because their conflicts are unresolved. The remaining three are historical or semi-historical, leisurely, colorful, detailed and tending constantly to trail off into dullness.

"The House of Tavelinck," by Holland's leading feminist and popular novelist, is the only old-fashioned historical novel of the lot. A pageant of Dutch history, with half its action laid in France, it turns upon the revolution against the House of Orange in the last decades of the eighteenth century. It has the authority of a story dealing with a genuine, and not too familiar, historical episode; two of its characterizations are personable and acceptable, and it contains some excitement, generated by the adventures of the hero. The Dutch revolution presented by Jo Van Ammers-Küller follows the pattern of the French. In Dirk Tavelinck she has visualized a man of action, a powerful burgher's son who joins the people, reads Rousseau, and marries a gamekeeper's daughter. But although she seems to say that only in the ranks of the people was there health enough to conquer the corruption of the old order, she never makes you feel that Dirk's proletarian allegiances really meant more to him than an opportunity to participate in events whose significance she does not make clear.

"Dynasty of Death" begins forty years after "The House of Tavelinck" ends, and it is laid in England and America. It traces the rise of a great family of munitions makers who could not be mistaken for anybody except the duPonts. Taking the dramatic but oversimplified theme that lives of people. Taylor Caldwell (apparently a pseudonym) dramatizes the last by creating a monstrous central character who double-crosses his father and brother, drives his own children to neurosis and death, meddles ruinously in his grandchildren's lives. But despite these extravagances of theme, "Dynasty of Death" is written with such old-fashioned vigor that the reader ends by half believing that ruthless old Ernest Barbour really did create as much destruction in his family as his explosives created on battlefields.

"Meek Heritage" begins in 1860 and ends in 1918. It is a far better work than the two novels above, and contains the truest and most convincing characterizations of all five. The best known work of Finland's greatest novelist, "Meek Heritage" tells the story of a Finnish peasant, inarticulate, stolid and conscious merely of a vague hatred for landlords. In middle age he unconsciously absorbs the revolutionary unrest filtering in from Russia, half awakens out of his loutish stupor and is shot as a Red. "Meek Heritage" reaches into the modern world without quite getting there: its form is derived from the naturalist nineteenth-century fiction, and its somber, primitive environment strengthens its link with the man-with-the-hoe school of fiction.

"Horns for Our Adornment" is another case entirely. It is an original, puzzling, occasionally startling sea story, laid in 1914, by a Danish ex-sailor and lumberjack, whose "A Fugitive Crosses His Tracks" was compared loosely to the works of such allegorical realists as Joyce, Céline, Kafka. In terms of its originality, "Horns for Our Adornment" is one of the best novels of the year. The story revolves around six crew members of a small Danish freighter, dominated by a giant Dane who laughs at the captain's authority, secretly comes to sympathize with a sniveling ex-preacher whom the crew persecutes with savage delight. The talk is authentic sailors' talk. Anybody who has spent a month in a forecastle has heard long, pointless, bawdy jokes like these, has seen hard drinking bouts generate such wild, imaginative, alternately sadistic and tender thoughts. At the beginning and end of each chapter Sandemose introduces short satirical essays, jokes and the like. Often brilliant in themselves, they have little or no relation to the plot. Their purpose is apparently to give some sort of philosophical key to the story which, despite its robustness, humor and originality, remains as anarchistic as that of an author with no philosophy at all.

"The Monument," by the author of "World's End," is as up-to-the-minute as today's United Press dispatch, but that is not its only distinction. It is an English political novel, kaleidoscopic, ambitious, fluent, diffuse and not infrequently sentimental. But in a world where we get three English family chronicles a week, one that touches another subject is a welcome relief.

But what do these stories add up to? In one way or another each attempts to make some political situation concrete in the lives of its characters. And each breaks down in the same way—either because, as in "Dynasty of Death," political events are translated too crudely into human affairs, or because, as in "Horns for Our Adornment," the relations are so indirect that the whole point of the story is [illegible] past and present—that

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historical movement on the lives of individuals. And it is significant that they succeed best, as in these five novels, in dealing with those characters who are least aware.

CALVIN FIXX

The New Pioneers

Listen! The Wind, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 287 pages. $2.50.

HERE IS THE STORY of part of a six months' survey flight the Lindberghs made in 1933. Already that period in aviation is finished; the transatlantic passenger can take off today—not without a sense of risk and adventure certainly, but with confidence that his course is charted and its dangers prepared for. In 1933, although the great continental air routes had been developed, the oceans were not yet spanned, and their vast overwater distances were still a barrier to commercial aviation. The chief problem was to chart the North Atlantic, the most important and dangerous, as Colonel Lindbergh observes in the preface to this book, "of all the oceans crossed by the trade routes of men." The Lindberghs undertook to survey the three natural air routes to Europe and North Africa: the "Greenland Route" in the north, the "Azores Route" to the south and the "Great Circle Route" in the center.

It was an extraordinary undertaking. Not sensational, not calculated to keep their names continually in the headlines, it was actually a long grind requiring the most expert performance and careful observation of wind, weather and landing possibilities. An interesting appendix to Mrs. Lindbergh's narrative, prepared by Charles Lindbergh, gives a good deal of fascinating detail about the plane they used, listing the instruments and equipment they carried and concluding with a complete log of the flight from July 9, when they took off from Flushing Bay, Long Island, to December 19, when they returned. "Listen! The Wind," however, confines itself to the period between their landing at Santiago, in the Cape Verde Islands, on November 27, and the triumphant westward flight to South America ten days later.

Much of the book's beauty (for it has real beauty) is dependent upon the excitement of the material itself. We haven't yet outgrown our interest in the sheer fact of flight; and the baldest account of take-off, thunder of motor and long shuddering drop toward land must still have power to quicken the imagination. But Anne Lindbergh's story is by no means a bald account. She has sensitivity and real feeling, and her narrative rises now and then to the level of a genuine recreation of experience. But this happens more often in the second and third sections of the book. Part I describes the landing at Santiago—which was hot, dull and infested with bedbugs—and the three days of anxious waiting there for a tail-wind, the plane unable to take off against the breakers with its heavy load of fuel. This section moves slowly and is bogged down with static description; but with Part II the action begins to lift cleanly into suspense. At Bathurst, on the African coast, the Lindberghs fought for a week with the hostility of wind and water, until finally, stripped of every non-essential ounce, the plane broke away from the bondage of the harbor and moved westward toward Brazil. The short

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By Felix Frankfurter

Although Mr. Justice Holmes resigned from the Supreme Court on the eve of the conflict between the Court and the New Deal, all the forces of that conflict were developing during the thirty years of his membership. The major controversies that came before the Court during that period are considered in the three essays in this volume. Addressed primarily to the layman, this book will appeal to every thoughtful person.
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Will you join Louis Bromfield, Langdon W. Post, a group of others and me for dinner at the Commodore Hotel on Tuesday, October 18th, at 6:30 P.M.?

An emergency situation has arisen with regard to all the Americans now serving in Spain who unselfishly volunteered for the cause of the Spanish Republic. It also affects hundreds of their buddies wounded in the fight for democracy.

Louis Bromfield, outstanding American novelist, who is in charge of the Paris Committee, and who will return to this country in time to attend this dinner, will speak on the measures to be taken to meet this critical situation.

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section on the transatlantic flight also contains passages of superb excitement. A swell book—about a vanishing struggle with the problems and beauty of the earth's surface.

REBECCA PITTS

New Books: A Reader's List

PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE AMERICAN SCENE, by Robert Taft (Macmillan, $10). The first complete history of the United States camera from its beginnings in the daguerreotype process of 1839, through wet-plate photography to the development of the film camera (1888), and its effect on our social life. A well grounded and entertaining work, with more than 300 pictures.

GOVERNMENT IN REPUBLICAN CHINA, by Paul Linebarger (McGraw-Hill, $1.50). A fine study of the traditional governmental system of China, as preparation for an understanding of the problems of the Nationalist regime under the stress of war and revolution. Excellent analysis of the meaning of Confucianism as a vital force in Chinese thought.

SAFE CONDUCT, by Margaret Fishback (Modern Age, 75 cents). A new brand of "etiquette book," grounded on the common-sense precept that no one can be really rude or "incorrect" who is kind and considerate of others. Simple advice for busy people, well seasoned with sly, malicious wit at the expense of the pretentiousness of Margery Wilson and Emily Post.

ALL THAT MATTERS, by Peter Mendelssohn (Holt, $2.50). A first novel in English by a German refugee; sentimental, heavy-handed, documented with the episodes of SS raids, the Reichstag fire, concentration camps, the life of Jewish refugees in Paris; closing on a neutral "Life is not Battle—Life is Life."

OLD HAVEN, by David Cornel DeJong (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). The younger generation versus the pious austerity of Dutch tradition, told with understanding and considerable humor, and in no way confined by its background of modern Holland: the story of Antoinette—who finds that marrying Tjerk means marrying a whole fishing village—will strike home even if you've never seen a windmill. A fine job.

THOSE FIRST AFFECTIONS, by Dorothy Van Doren (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). An extraordinarily understanding portrait of an intelligent, suffering child caught up in the tragedy of her parents, who lose all their money and endure poverty and humiliation together but never quite take their child into their confidence. A novel that shows real sympathy for the bewilderment of children.

ON PEGASUS HE RODE, by Richard Blaker (Carrick and Evans, $2.50). About a civilized and sensitive dipsomaniac (the very British Major Cresswell) and how he maintains the delicate balance of personal relationships while wavering between pride in his self-control and humiliation after drinking bouts. The style is neat; the plot (including a clinically accurate cure) is as neatly wrought as a fine watch.

REBECCA, by Daphne du Maurier (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75). The image of Rebecca, the deceased first wife, haunts and hampers her naïve, awkward, sensitive successor, until finally exorcised in a flash of melodrama. Well pitched style and realism of character lend plausibility to sensational incidents and poignancy to the tenseness of heroine and reader. Not to be laid aside until finished.

THE BACK DOOR, by Julian R. Meade (Longmans, Green, $2.50). A novel about a young Negro girl, who served the Southern whites in their kitchens, and her handsome husband, who worked in the tobacco factories, and how they were defeated—he by tobacco dust and she by temptation. Compassionately told, and marked by some good jargon and songs.

Contributors

RALPH BATES is an English novelist who served for more than a year in the Spanish Republican army. He recently returned to New York City from a six-months' stay in Mexico.

J. S. COLLIS is an Irish writer who lives in Kent. He has published "An Irishman's England," "The Sounding Cataract," "Farewell to Argument" and "Forward to Nature."

GLENN WARD DRESBACH is an American poet who lives in Lanark, Illinois. He is the author, among other books of verse, of "This Side of Avalon" and "The Wind in the Cedars."

CALVIN FIXX has written short stories and book reviews for various magazines, and is at present on the staff of Time. He is at work on a critical study of the radical youth of reactionary writers.

REBECCA PITTS has contributed to numerous periodicals and is at present working on a book of critical studies.

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